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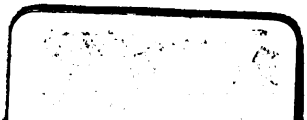

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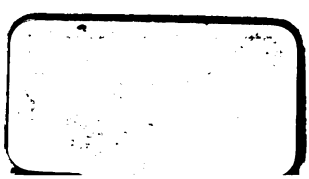

EMMELINE;

OR,

THE HAPPY DISCOVERY;

A NOVEL,

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY ANNE KER,

AUTHOR OF THE HEIRESS DI MONTALDE,
ADELINE ST. JULIAN, &c.

VOL. I.

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DEDICATION.

TO

LADY JERNINGHAM.

MADAM,

THE favorable reception which productions of this nature have in general met with, encourages me to hope, that the following pages, honored with your Ladyſhip's patronage and approbation, will have the good fortune to pleaſe equal to my firſt production.

Flattered with your Ladyſhip's praiſe, I heſitate not to ſay it much increaſes my gratitude, and feel unable to expreſs the happineſs I experience, and the ſenſe I have of your Ladyſhip's condeſcenſion, to

paſs ſo kindly over the errors, which I am not bold enough to imagine, this novel is free from; by which, I am inclined to hope, the novel of EMMELINE is ſuperior to my expectation.

Happy ſhould I feel myſelf if the abilities of my pen were an offering worthy to preſent to a lady of your amiable character.—Small, indeed, are the acknowledgments I can make for favors ſo generouſly conferred; yet, I truſt, your Ladyſhip will believe me grateful and happy in the opportunity of thus publicly declaring with what profound reſpect,

I am,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged,

And moſt obedient Servant.

Feb. 24, 1801. ANNE KER.

TO THE PUBLIC.

HAVING read the criticiſm on my laſt novel, (romance, or whatever appellation the Reviewers pleaſe to give it) I feel it a duty incumbent on me, to ſtate in reply, a few words, though few it muſt be;—for me to pretend to write againſt ſuch an hoard of enemies would be an endleſs labour; and particularly ſo, when known that the pen is guided by the hand of a female. Were I the only perſon who wrote in the romantic manner, they are pleaſed to ſtile abſurd, I own I ſhould feel unhappy; but I could ſtate, at leaſt, more than an hun-

dred late productions, which are equally as abſurd as my own, though I'll not touch on the ſtring of others. Yet, I hope and truſt, that, whatever lines were dictated by my pen, thoſe devouring watchmen will do me the juſtice to allow they have been in the cauſe of virtue; devoid of thoſe indelicate, and, in many inſtances, indecent deſcriptions, that fill the pages in the novels and romances of the preſent day, of which I ſhould be aſhamed to be the author. I return my ſincere thanks to thoſe malevolent Reviewers, who have thought it worth their notice to ſpeak on my little performances in the manner they have.—And though laſt, not leaſt in my eſtimation, the Conductors of the Anti-Jacobin Review, whoſe principles, to a civilized nation, are a well known ſhame; to

to confute them as ſuch, I beg to ſay, that Adeline St. Julian was written full four years paſt, and put into the hands of a bookſeller in Auguſt, 1799; conſequently, could not be extracted from the works they have thought proper to ſtate; but it appears to me, and every perſon who, to oblige me, have peruſed their aſtoniſhing criticiſm, that they are racking their imagination to find out a ſomebody that has wrote *somehow* or *somewhere* ſimilar in *some respect*, to this wonderful, abſurd, improbable, romantic *something* which I have written.

The Reviewers may be aſſured I have not the vanity of wiſhing to pleaſe them in my writings; but I write in conformity to the pleaſure of the times. It is to my patronizers, and to the generous public I appeal,

appeal, and not to thoſe contemptuous open-mouthed devouring critics, who would, in all probability, have declared (had their mouths been crammed with a bribe) that Adeline St. Julian was the wonder of the age; as they were not, what elſe could I expect?—But the apprehenſion of what they may ſay ſhall never check my *absurd* pen, ſo long as I find the encouragement of the indulgent public; to whom I beg to return my ſincere thanks, and hope for their future favors.

EMMELINE.

EMMELINE;

OR,

THE HAPPY DISCOVERY.

CHAP. I.

Friendſhip! myſterious cement of the ſoul,
Sweet'ner of life, and ſolder of ſociety!
I owe thee much. Thou haſt deſerved from me
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
——————Of joys departed
Not to return, how painful the remembrance.

MRS. WILSON was the widow of an officer, who had reſided a few years in a pleaſant village not far from Oxford; ſhe was a moſt amiable woman, her diſpoſition truly benevolent, and a heart alive to every feeling of humanity and ſenſibility.

She had the misfortune to lose an affectionate husband, whom she tenderly loved, and by whom she was equally beloved.—At his decease, the grief she suffered made her determine to pass the remainder of her days in solitude upon the allowance she received. At first she was inclined to pass her days in a convent, but this thought soon dissipated, from her regard for a young orphan then about seven years of age, who had been protected by her from apparently the age of three years, and whom Mr. Wilson most affectionately loved.—The child, who looked on them as her real parents, adored them with filial tenderness and duty; and as they had no children alive of their own, their regard was redoubled on the little Emmeline, who was beautiful to excess, and her charms encreased with her years.

The

The near approach of death to Mr. Wilſon augmented his concern, as the idea of leaving this little girl unprotected was equally painful to him as being ſeparated from his amiable wife; to a continuation of her kindneſs he recommended the child he loved, his tenderneſs for them laſted till the icy hand of death put a period to his cares—he bleſſed them, and expired, leaving Mrs. Wilſon almoſt broken hearted to view her extent of woe.

Emmeline, though ſo young, experienced the moſt poignant affliction for his loſs, and with ſorrow and pity beheld Mrs. Wilſon's grief, which it was impoſſible to ſuppreſs. Her innocent heart was ſenſible of the weighty loſs they had ſuſtained by his death, and by all the ſoothing endeavours her tender years were capable of, ſtrove to

diſſipate Mrs. Wilſon's cares. Her tears would frequently flow for her dear papa, (as ſhe called him). Mrs. Wilſon's ſorrows often experienced relief, by attempting to exert her ſpirits, in order to diſpel the grief of Emmeline, who now ſhe found to be the only comfort ſhe had left, and ſhe received a ſecret pleaſure in inſtructing her, and ſuperintending her education.

Emmeline's tender age rendered her unfit for the confidant of Mrs. Wilſon, which grieved her exceedingly, but ſhe was now alienated from the world, and lived obſcure, therefore found a conſolation in ſolitude, and her retentive memory preſented recollection of times long paſt, which, though melancholy, had their charms.

Mr. Wilſon had not been dead above a year,

year, when she purchased the little house and ground she resided in, for the sum of four hundred and thirty pounds, and Sir Charles Freemore, the lord of the manor, admired her generosity, as, when she made the purchase, she said it was designed for Emmeline.

Emmeline was sensible of her bounty, for Mrs. Wilson would often say, "this is "my Emmeline's house, which I hope "she will long and happily enjoy, after the "death of her friend Wilson: will you "ever forget me, my love?"

For Mrs. Wilson to doubt her affection or gratitude, hurt Emmeline; nor could she endure the apprehension of losing her fond mother, and to forget that inestimable person to her seemed impossible; she had not yet recovered the loss of Mr. Wil-

ſon, for whom ſhe ſtill retained the higheſt regard.

Time inſenſibly moved away, and Emmeline made a rapid progreſs in her learning; ſhe had an underſtanding uncommon by the inſtructions of Mrs. Wilſon, and few could perform on the harpſichord or guittar equal to Emmeline; needle work, uſeful and ornamental, ſhe was capable of executing with the greateſt nicety, her writings were correct, and her drawings excelled by few.

Thus happily, in ſweet ſequeſtered ſolitude, paſſed another ſeven years, and two more added to them, when Emmeline's boſom was doomed to feel the moſt poignant diſtreſs.—Mrs. Wilſon was taken dangerouſly ill to the inexpreſſible grief of

of the ſorrowing Emmeline, who would not abſent herſelf from her mother's bedſide, or neglect one moment, wherein there appeared a poſſibility of being of ſervice.

Mrs. Wilſon, ſenſible of approaching diſſolution, and dreading to afflict Emmeline with her apprehenſions, begged her to ſend a countryman, who generally worked in their garden, to ſolicit the immediate attendance of Sir Charles Freemore, ſecretly wiſhing, as he had been always known a worthy man, to make him guardian to her beloved Emmeline, and thereby eſtabliſh one friend for her.

Emmeline's fears were now verified, her heart was breaking with anxiety and grief, but eſpecially when he arrived, and ſhe learnt the cauſe of his viſit. Mrs. Wilſon had made her will, and ſhe delivered into

Sir Charles's hands a trunk containing all her caſh, except about one hundred pounds which ſhe left with Emmeline, thinking him the ſafeſt and moſt proper perſon to truſt Emmeline's fortune with, and calling to her long protected child, informed her ſhe muſt look on him as her future friend.

Emmeline now ſaw all ſhe dreaded was near at hand. Fortune, or friends, were alike indifferent to her, if ſhe could preſerve the life of the parent ſhe adored; heaven had deſigned it otherwiſe, her tears flowed afreſh; Sir Charles was charmed with her ſenſibility as well as beauty. After many promiſes of fidelity to Mrs. Wilſon's requeſt, he took his leave.

The following day Mrs. Wilſon appeared much worſe, and fearing death ſhould approach

proach before ſhe acquainted Emmeline of a long concealed ſecret, ſhe exerted her ſpirits in order to execute her intentions; ſoliciting the attention of her adored child, ſhe thus began:—

"I believe, Emmeline, you do not know "that you are not my child, although you "are called by my name; your youth as "yet, my love, has hindered me from in- "forming you what little I know of your "affairs; and now I fear my moments "will ſcarce allow it."

Emmeline was prevented from replying by ſighs and tears, the fear of loſing her now poſſeſſed every thought, and ſhe little regarded who or what ſhe was; the tender, the generous, the ineſtimable Mrs. Wilſon, was all ſhe wiſhed on earth, if it were poſſible heaven would allow her ſo great a bleſſing.

Mrs. Wilſon obſerved her grief, and endeavoured to aſſuage it, ſaying, with a ſerene ſmile, "death, my dear, may pro-" bably be not ſo near as I expect, but re-" member Emmeline we muſt ſubmit to " the will of heaven."

Emmeline, a little encouraged by the lively manner ſhe expreſſed this, and the hopes of her friend's recovery, ſtrove to ſuppreſs her tears, and attended with ſighs to what Mrs. Wilſon ſhould reveal, who thus reſumed her narrative:—

" It is now thirteen years ſince Mr. " Wilſon and myſelf were paſſing through " a part of the foreſt of Amiens, in France. " By the light of the moon, we perceived " a man gliding between the trees at a " ſhort diſtance with a child in his arms. " Mr. Wilſon ordered the carriage to " ſtop

" ſtop to obſerve him more minutely, and
" in a few moments we ſaw him leave you
" in the foreſt, and run away to a horſe
" that was faſtened to a tree a little way
" off, which he mounted, and rode away.

" Hearing you innocently call, and ſay,
" 'pray Allen, take Emmeline with you,'
" induced Mr. Wilſon to alight from the
" carriage, and take you in. Fearing
" ſome ill was intended by the man, he
" made one of our ſervants alight and ſtay
" with me; then mounting his horſe, and
" taking our other ſervant, purſued him
" with amazing ſwiftneſs, and luckily over-
" took him, juſt as he was turning down
" a lane on the ſkirts of the foreſt.

" I ordered our coachman to drive with
" all poſſible ſpeed to where Mr. Wilſon
" was, as I feared for his ſafety, who, at

" our arrival, was engaged with the man,
" and protested he should not move till he
" declared what his intentions were by
" leaving the child in that place.

" He refused. Mr. Wilson peremptorily
" insisted on knowing—they fought, and
" the man sunk beneath Mr. Wilson's
" sword.—Finding his antagonist too pow-
" erful, and believing himself a dead man,
" he made this declaration :—

" That you was of English parents, who
" had resided some years in France to
" restore the health of your mother; but
" your father, being in the army, was called
" to attend his regiment in a distant
" country, and your brother was at Eton
" school.

" Your mother did not long survive
" your father's absence, and having no re-
" lations

" lations in France, her laſt requeſt was to
" ſend you, with all her jewels and money,
" to a ſiſter's in England, embraced you,
" and expired.

" That he was the ſervant fixed on to
" carry you to your relations, and had ſet
" out with you accordingly; but, tempted
" by the money, he had formed the reſo-
" lution of leaving you (where providence
" fortunately deſtined we ſhould find you)
" to ſecure the property for himſelf.

" Mr. Wilſon, ſhocked at this confeſ-
" ſion, demanded where your kinſwoman
" lived, but the avaricious wretch was
" no longer in this world to anſwer to his
" crime.

" Mr. Wilſon then ſecured the port-
" manteau which was faſtened to the horſe,
" and returned to the carriage, where you

" ſeemed

" ſeemed very contented and fond of me;
" and when we came to our deſtined inn,
" we opened it in hopes to trace your fa-
" mily, but in vain, there was nothing to
" lead to any diſcovery; ſome caſh and
" valuable trinkets, and a few papers with-
" out any name, was all it contained,
" which were carefully preſerved for you,
" and are now in Sir Charles Frecmore's
" poſſeſſion, as you are yet too young to
" be intruſted with it yourſelf.

" Immediately on our arrival in En-
" gland, I faſtened that bracelet on your
" arm, in hopes thereby to diſcover your
" friends, but have not yet been ſo fortu-
" nate. That bracelet having the initials,
" E. M. encircled with the words, '*the*
" *gift of my ſiſter Auguſta.*'

" Mr. Wilſon ſpared neither pains or

" expence

" expence to reſtore you to your family;
" but as his efforts were ineffectual, he
" determined to call you his own, and we
" have loved you as ſuch from the hour
" of finding you. I muſt here obſerve,
" Emmeline, that I have had ſeveral chil-
" dren of my own, who all died in their
" infancy.—The laſt, a ſweet girl about
" three years old, died ſix months before
" we found you. Mr. Wilſon and myſelf
" were inconſolable for her loſs—you ſup-
" plied her place, and made us experience
" a ray of happineſs."

Emmeline was aſtoniſhed, believing till this hour that ſhe was their own child. Mrs. Wilſon here ſeemed exhauſted, and dropped into a ſlumber that Emmeline did not wiſh to diſturb, deſigning to make farther inquiries when her dear friend waked.

waked.—As ſoon as ſhe perceived her rather compoſed, ſhe walked into the garden to muſe on the ſtrange recital of occurrences Mrs. Wilſon's kindneſs had indulged her in relating.—Her ſenſes were loſt in a maze of doubts and perplexities. ſhe did not in the leaſt doubt the veracity of her amiable friend, but wondered at her remaining ſo long ſilent on a ſubject that ſo materially concerned her.

While ſhe was ruminating on thoſe myſterious affairs that agitated her boſom, the nurſe came in haſte to call her immediate attention; Emmeline hurried to obey her command, hoping to find Mrs. Wilſon better from her ſhort repoſe, but, to her unſpeakable grief, found her in the agonies of death; ſhe was ſpeechleſs a few moments, but obſerving Emmeline weep, and feeling her

her tears bedew her hand, as ſhe preſſed it to her lips, Mrs. Wilſon raiſed her eyes, and making a laſt effort to ſpeak, and embrace her tenderly, ſaid, "Heaven! pre-
"ſerve my Emmeline, who will forever,
"I hope, remember me!"—and expired. She apparently wished to say more, but death put a period to the exertion, leaving Emmeline abſorbed in a labyrinth of woe; for her only loved and valued friend was gone, never—never to be recalled.—Her ſpirits at this melancholy criſis received ſuch a ſhock, that ſhe ſunk almoſt as ſenſeleſs on the bed as was her departed friend, and it was with difficulty ſhe was recalled to life.

Her grief was now arrived to that height as to bear no mitigation, and during the remainder of the day, ſighs and tears were her

her only language, her heart was too much oppreſſed to ſpeak: ſo ſincerely ſhe regretted the loſs of the happy ſociety ſhe had ſo long enjoyed with this worthy woman; a thouſand things ſhe had to aſk of this kind friend, that now could not be anſwered, and time and fate could alone diſcloſe.

In the evening Sir Charles Freemore called to inquire after Mrs. Wilſon's health, as alſo to view his lovely charge.

He attempted to perſuade Emmeline to quit this houſe of ſorrow, at leaſt till after the funeral, but in vain, for Emmeline could not be prevailed on to deſert the cold remains of her dear and valued friend; he departed, and Emmeline, with duteous care, attended till the day of interment, which was the following Sunday.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

O artleſs love! where the ſoul moves the tongue,
And only nature ſpeaks, what nature thinks.

SIR CHARLES FREEMORE was a gentleman advanced in years, of a very friendly diſpoſition, and whoſe public and private character raiſed him above the cenſure of a malignant world; he had been a member for the county in ſeveral ſucceſſive parliaments, and by his candour and goodneſs of heart, he had gained every body's affection and reſpect.

He had been a widower fifteen years, having loſt the amiable partner of his youth and love, by whom he had only one child living,

living, a ſon, who at that time was ſoon expected to return from his travels.

The death of Lady Freemore made him reſolve to paſs the remainder of his days in retirement at his country ſeat, about ſeven miles diſtant from the rural dwelling of Mrs. Wilton. Mr. Wilton had been a great favorite of Sir Charles's from the firſt time he came to live on his eſtate, which made him ſtill happy in converſing with his excellent widow.

Emmeline had now to look to this gentleman for friendſhip and ſupport, and as ſhe refuſed a part of his houſe, he often went to ſee her at her own, in hopes of prevailing on her to remove, but her heart was fixed on this ſolitary ſpot of her deceaſed friend's, and ſhe thought it a crime to deſert it.

However,

However, ſhe grew ſo extremely melancholy by being ſo much alone in a place that was entirely remote from the road, and where no perſon was ſeen for a week together, unleſs they had immediate buſineſs at her houſe, that Sir Charles, anxious for her health, reſolved to remove her from a ſolitude that, in his ideas, only nouriſhed her ſorrows; and accordingly appropriated a handſome apartment in his houſe for her reception. When it was ready, he rode to Miſs Wilſon's, and ſaid ſhe muſt not refuſe to accompany him to Auburn Hall, as he was apprehenſive her health would ſuffer by the ſolitary life ſhe led, and promiſed that her own habitation ſhould, if ſhe deſired, be viſited by her every day. Unable to refuſe his well-meant intentions, as alſo fearful of offending,

ſending, by perſiſting in remaining where ſhe was, ſhe accepted his kind invitation, although ſhe quitted her own dwelling with regret.

Emmeline was near ſeventeen years of age—tall in ſtature—elegant and graceful in figure, and her countenance remarkably beautiful; her deep mourning habit made her appear, if poſſible, more charming. As yet ſhe had been accuſtomed to very little company, and a ſtranger to all converſation but dear Mrs. Wilſon's and Sir Charles's, and had never been three miles from her own village, except twice to viſit Sir Charles; no wonder then at her regret at leaving her happy retirement; but as ſhe was averſe to company, Sir Charles never preſſed her to appear with them, and allowed her to remain in her own apartment,

apartment, which to her was a far greater pleaſure than company, eſpecially where all were ſtrangers to her.

Soon after her removal to Auburn Hall, Alfred Freemore returned from his travels. But as his father had never mentioned Emmeline Wilſon, it is not to be wondered at that he was ignorant of ſuch a perſon reſiding there, eſpecially as ſhe kept very retired in her own apartment.

Emmeline uſually walked out early in the morning, and at about ſun-ſet to enjoy the air; and one evening, as ſhe was taking a ſolitary walk in ſome of the grounds belonging to Sir Charles, indulging a profound reverie of her late ineſtimable friend, ſhe was ſuddenly alarmed by a horſe leaping over the fence; the ſurpriſe terrified her, and ſhe uttered a loud

loud ſhriek, at which the gentleman, who was on horſeback, alighted, fearing ſhe was hurt, and haſtened to inquire if his fears were real.

It was Mr. Freemore;—but being unknown to each other, his inquiries were returned with thanks, and he remounted his horſe, and rode away.

Emmeline took little notice of the young gentleman, as ſhe had received no hurt; but different ſenſations filled the boſom of Alfred.—She had, in one moment, alienated a heart from its maſter, and he ardently wiſhed to ſee her again. With theſe thoughts he immediately returned, in hopes ſhe had not yet left the place, but his ideas were erroneous, ſhe was gone—and he blamed himſelf for not continuing a longer converſation.

Day

Day after day, for the ſpace of a month, he rode that way, anxiouſly expecting ſome happy moment might lead her to the ſame place, that he might ſee her again, —and his mind was now ſo entirely taken up with the beautiful ſtranger, that he thought of little elſe.

Sir Charles Freemore, who tenderly loved his amiable ward, the firſt perſon he thought it poſſible to like ſince Lady Freemore, now grew extremely enamoured of her, and wiſhed to offer her his hand and fortune in marriage, but was fearful of diſcloſing his ſentiments till he was ſure Emmeline would not reſiſt his ſuit; with theſe hopes he often begged her to join his family table when he had no company, and wiſhed he could prevail on her when he had, as he much deſired to preſent her

to his friends, designing to mention his affection for her, and to hear if they approved his choice.

Sir Charles secretly wondered at his son's absence from home, as he for some time had never cared to visit the Hall from morning till night—so entirely was Alfred's mind engrossed with the idea of the fair stranger.

Sir Charles having some friends to dine with him, solicited Emmeline to do the honors of his table, who, for the first time, complied.—Sir Charles introduced her to the company as his ward, and her beauty and elegance not only anew charmed Sir Charles, but enraptured the whole company.

After dinner, he entreated, as a favor, she would perform an air on the harpsichord.

Emmeline,

Emmeline, who was all obedience, flew to perform his orders, and not only played, but ſung a beautiful plaintive air, in memory of her late dear friend: the tear trembled in her eye, as the recollection of paſt happineſs floated in her imagination, ſhe could not have choſen a finer ſubject to diſplay her abilities, as the feelings of her heart gave ſenſe to ſound; it was executed with ſuch ſweetneſs and judgment, as enchanted all her hearers.

In the evening Sir Charles returned with his friends to the houſe of Lord Henley, where he intended to paſs the remainder of it, though not ſo happily as if he had continued at home with Emmeline.

Emmeline that day entered into her laſt mourning, and appeared moſt beautiful

when dreſſed in white with black ornaments—it was extremely elegant. She was ſcarce ſeated to tea in the parlour, when a loud rap at the door announced the arrival of ſomebody particular. Emmeline roſe from her ſeat and haſtened to her chamber, where ſhe was ſoon followed by her maid, and on Emmeline's demanding who the viſitor was, was informed that Sir Charles's ſon was juſt come home, and appeared remarkably ill, complaining of a pain in his head, which ſeemed very violent.

Emmeline liſtened with concern, and her heart feeling for the indiſpoſition of a fellow creature, wiſhed, though a ſtranger, to relieve him, eſpecially as his father was not at home, and accordingly deſcended to the parlour to endeavour to eaſe the pain

pain he complained of; taking a cup with ſome lavender-water, and a napkin in her hand, ſhe walked into the room, where ſhe found Mr. Freemore lying on the ſofa to all appearance extremely ill, holding a handkerchief to his face, and perfectly inattentive to her entrance. His thoughts were too heavy to notice who it was.

She approached him, gently bathed his temples, and in ſoothing accents, begged to know if he found any abatement of his complaint, or if ſhe could do any thing elſe to relieve him?

Alfred at once rouſed by a voice ſo ſweet, inſtantly recollected it was the ſame that ſpoke and charmed in the meadow, and riſing haſtily from his ſeat in ſurpriſe, he ſaid,—" Pardon my being inſenſible " of the honor that attended me—believe

"me, madam, I am more than reſtored "by your generous care—for I am hap-"py."

He declared himſelf much better, but he looked with ſuch aſtoniſhment as greatly embarraſſed Emmeline. She entreated he would ſit down and bear her company in drinking a diſh of tea or coffee, which probably would more effectually relieve him.—He accepted the invitation, and expreſſed himſelf happy, and greatly obliged to her.

He ſaw it was the ſame beautiful perſon he met in the meadow, and had ever ſince that time adored her, though he could not tell who ſhe was, or where ſhe reſided; yet he ſecretly wondered how ſhe came there, and the reaſon—for he obſerved the ſervants obeyed her as if ſhe had

had been their miſtreſs.—A thouſand doubts and fears crowded themſelves on his imagination;—nor was Miſs Wilſon far ſhort of the ſame confuſion—ſhe remembered him the moment he ſpoke, and her heart received, for the firſt time, a powerful impreſſion in favor of Alfred Freemore.

Equally embarraſſed they repaired to the tea table, each in hopes of recovering from that ſurpriſe which viſibly appeared in both. Alfred ſtill continued to gaze with amazement, unable to ſuppreſs the agitation of his boſom—new fears aſſail him—he longs, yet dreads to aſk the reaſon of her being at Auburn Hall, and painfully endured the moſt tormenting emotions till the tea was near being removed.

Being a little more acquainted, the anxiety of his heart would not permit him to remain longer silent; and taking her hand, he said, "Think me not rude, "madam, if I ask (and I hope you will "not consider me impertinently inquisi-"tive) the cause of you being in my "father's house, and that too so secret, "that though I have been here above two "months, I have been ignorant that you "resided here, and till this day have ne-"ver had the pleasure of seeing you.— "Once by accident I was so happy, but "then I knew not where you lived."

Emmeline, willing to oblige him, related her little narrative, and gave every account she was capable of from her earliest remembrance, not forgetting the obligations she lay under to dear Mrs. Wilson.

Wilſon, and the reaſon of Sir Charles's removing her from the cottage to Auburn Hall.

Alfred was happy to find the perſon he long had ſecretly loved, inhabited a part of the Hall. The idea flattered his wiſhes, for he fondly hoped time might bleſs him with an opportunity of revealing his affection.

Emmeline retired early to her chamber, leaving Alfred to indulge his own ſenſations.

No ſooner had ſhe withdrawn, than the idea of the young gentleman occupied every thought. She thought him the moſt engaging young man ſhe had ever beheld. —Love had ſtolen into her boſom, and preſented to her imagination Alfred every thing amiable—yet ſhe conſidered the re-

ſpect and affection ſhe had for him aroſe from his being related to her now only friend;—"but if ſo," ſaid ſhe, "why "ſhould I be thus uneaſy?—why do I "feel impatient to ſee him again?"

Alfred, equally agitated between hope and deſpair, was as anxious for the dawn of day; as ſoon as it arrived he aroſe, and, contrary to his general cuſtom, walked into the garden, where the recollection of Emmeline poſſeſſed every thought.

Emmeline, as uſual, the moment ſhe aroſe, took her morning's walk there alſo, where, to her great ſurpriſe, ſhe met Mr. Freemore.

The compliments of the day were juſt paſt, when ſhe quitted him to purſue her uſual walk.

Alfred

Alfred followed, and politely intreated permiſſion to attend her, as he found it impoſſible to ſuſtain her abſence;—ſhe would have refuſed, but inclination prompted her to accept this companion in her little excurſion. They walked about the garden for near an hour, admiring the beauties of that charming ſeat, liſtening to the lark's ſweet notes that hailed the roſy morning, gathering flowers, and forming noſegays, till the time called Alfred to return to breakfaſt, and Emmeline to her apartment.

CHAP. III.

Love reckons hours for months, and days for years,
And every little absence is an age.

WHEN Alfred was seated with his father at breakfast, his mind devoted to Emmeline, and the anxiety he endured to know why she was there, and Sir Charles never mention it;—unknowing what to imagine, he began to try to bring about an explanation.

"I have been walking this morning, "Sir," said Alfred, "round your grounds, "where every thing, I allow, appears "charming; but the remembrance of my "dear mother filled my thoughts as I was "returning

" returning homeward,—I recollect " how happy we were in her life. She, " I know, cannot be recalled—but I have " often wondered in my own mind that " you never married again."

" Aye, Alfred—" replied Sir Charles, " and to say the truth, I really believe I " shall marry again."

" Do you really, Sir?" returned Alfred, whose heart felt very uneasy at the declaration.

" There is a young lady to whom I am " guardian," said Sir Charles, " who I " sincerely esteemed long before I was " intrusted with the charge, and since " has perfectly captivated me."

" Ha! can it be?" said Alfred, with energy, already dreading the person he meant was Emmeline, yet fearful Sir Charles

Charles ſhould obſerve his uneaſineſs in ſo ardently expreſſing his ſurpriſe. Then, with a ſigh, aſked—"Do you imagine ſhe "loves you, ſir?"

"That I am unable to determine; as "yet I have never mentioned a word of "my paſſion for her, nor would I if I "thought ſhe was the leaſt averſe—but "that I do not fear, for ſhe is a kind af-"fectionate creature as ever lived."

"And pray, ſir," ſaid Alfred, "if I "do not take too great a liberty, may I "aſk where this lady lives?"

"Lives!" replied Sir Charles, "why "in my houſe—but ſhe has at preſent "ſuch an averſion to company, that I can "ſeldom prevail on her to breakfaſt, dine, "or ſup with me—to be ſure ſhe has loſt "a very worthy friend, an excellent wo-

"man,

" man, which has made her extremely " melancholy, and I do not intrude on " her ſorrow, for I think it beſpeaks a " feeling heart."

Alfred's ſpirits were ſuddenly depreſſed, fearing all his pleaſing hopes were fruſtrated, and was for a few minutes ſilent. Apprehenſive that Sir Charles would think ſomething extraordinary by his ſilence, he ſaid,—" Probably, ſir, her affections " may be engaged, and if ſo, I am certain " you would not wiſh to eſtrange her " love from the object of her inclina- " tions."

Sir Charles bit his lips in vexation, and replied, " A rival I cannot bear even to " think of—but in that caſe I think I could " reſign her;—no—no—I have always " been an upright man, and would not " accept

"accept her hand, if conſtrained, I aſſure "you."

"And is it ſo very difficult to prevail "on your fair ward to join our breakfaſt "table to-day?—I have a great deſire to "ſee the lady you intend for your bride."

Sir Charles, rather confuſed, ſaid, "I "will endeavour;"—he rang the bell—a ſervant entered, and he ſaid, "Preſent "my compliments to Miſs Wilſon, "and ſay, I ſhould eſteem it a fa-"vor if ſhe will oblige me with her com-"pany to breakfaſt."—The ſervant retired. Sir Charles walked two or three times back and forward the room—then ſeated himſelf at the table with Alfred;—"be "not ſurpriſed, Alfred, for you will ſee "a very beautiful young woman I aſſure "you."

Alfred

Alfred bowed.

Emmeline gladly obeyed the ſummons —love ſecretly whiſpered her Alfred was there, and the hopes of ſeeing him induced her to attend, to the inexpreſſible pleaſure of all parties.

Sir Charles roſe to receive her, and introduced her to his ſon—then led her to a ſeat, and paſſed a few compliments on the brilliancy of her looks—hoped ſhe was better, and her melancholy for her amiable friend abating.

Emmeline politely thanked him for the kind concern he took in her health and welfare—partook of their breakfaſt, and, immediately as it was finiſhed, retired.

Alfred, unwilling to loſe this opportunity of ſpeaking to her, inſtantly followed, and aſcending the ſtairs, entreated ſhe would

would favor him with her company, if but for an hour's walk in the garden, after dinner,

Emmeline made no reply, ſhe withdrew her hand—but Alfred imagined her ſilence gave conſent. Alfred then returned to the parlour to bid Sir Charles good morning, for his horſe and ſervant was ready, and he was going to take his uſual ride.

Emmeline from the laſt interview found herſelf much diſcompoſed by Alfred's circumſpect behaviour before his father, and began to fear he had too much engaged her affections for her peace of mind: dreading the aſcendancy he ſeemed to command in her heart, ſhe reſolved in future to avoid him, and not to walk in the garden, leſt by accident ſhe ſhould meet him.

For

For this reaſon ſhe kept cloſe to her apartment, and feigned indiſpoſition as an excuſe for her abſence, when Sir Charles ſolicited her company. Sir Charles was troubled—but no one can deſcribe the tormenting thoughts that oppreſſed the boſom of Alfred;—each minute was an hour—ſhe met him not when he ſo ardently requeſted her company, and the diſappointment made him extremely unhappy.

As Sir Charles remained ſilent concerning her, Alfred feared to introduce any inquiry.—Eight tedious days paſſed on, and he could not obtain a ſight of her, and he dreaded, during that time, that his father's ſuit might be favored by her before he could gain an opportunity of diſcloſing his own paſſion—an idea that drove

drove him nearly to phrenzy; and the painful emotions of his heart were with difficulty concealed from his reſpected parent.

Emmeline ſuffered much by his abſence, but determined to conquer what ſhe thought an abſurd partiality, and embrace the earlieſt opportunity that offered to aſk Sir Charles's permiſſion for her to return to her own cottage.

As ſoon as ſhe had ſeen Alfred take horſe one morning, ſhe completed her wiſh, ſaw Sir Charles, and obtained her requeſt to go to her own dwelling a ſhort time, ſaying ſhe wanted to look over ſome books and papers of importance, as alſo it would give her pleaſure to look over the habitation, once the reſidence of her eſteemed and worthy friend Mrs. Wilſon.

The

The requeſt Sir Charles had no wiſh to refuſe, for as ſhe had ſome days paſt complained of indiſpoſition, he hoped change of place might accelerate her recovery.

Emmeline, charmed that Sir Charles had conſented to her removal from the hall, haſtened to prepare for this little journey, and was ſo expeditious to be gone before Alfred returned, taking with her her old ſervant, who had formerly lived with Mrs. Wilſon.

Vain were the efforts of Emmeline to chaſe from her mind the image of Alfred, yet ſhe hoped when ſhe arrived at the dwelling of her late dear friend, for whom ſhe ſtill retained the deepeſt ſenſe of gratitude, that affection and reverence for this beſt of friends, indeed mothers, as ſhe in general called her, would baniſh

from

from her boſom, an infant paſſion, already too powerful for her repoſe.

Flattered with this deluſion, ſhe left Auburn Hall and its inhabitants. Sir Charles ſhe looked on as a friend, a father to her, but the idea of baniſhing Alfred from her heart, to endeavour to think of him no more, or with indifference, was a painful taſk, and occaſioned her to drop a tear as ſhe ſtepped into the carriage, and with a melancholy dejection ſhe continued her little ride.

Alfred endured the unſpeakable mortification of three days longer before he ventured to inquire after the perſon to whom he was fondly attached. He waited with impatience to ſee Celia, Emmeline's maid, and wondered at her abſence. He determined to watch for her, but his attempts were ineffectual.

He

He accidentally met another female ſervant, of whom he aſked if Celia was diſcharged; her anſwer was, "Sir, ſhe is "gone away with Miſs Wilſon."

"Miſs Wilſon!—good heaven!—has "Miſs Wilſon left Auburn Hall?" that ſhe was gone was ſufficient, he ſeemed like one diſtracted.

Fearing his emotions might be perceived, he hurried into the garden, and gave a looſe to his agonizing thoughts. He imagined Sir Charles had ſent her out of the way intending to marry her—the ſuſpicion was torture; but collecting his ſpirits, he determined to return and aſk of the intelligent maid, if ſhe knew what place Miſs Wilſon had removed to?

As he was returning to the houſe, he met his father. Emmeline being ſo in-

tirely

tirely in his thoughts, he could not help enquiring after her health. Sir Charles informed him ſhe was better.

"Pray ſir," ſaid Alfred, "will ſhe dine "with you to day?"

"No!" replied Sir Charles, "ſhe is "gone from here."

"Gone, ſir," exclaimed Alfred, "is her "ſtay to be long?"

"I do not know," reſumed the old gentleman, "I hope ſhe will return in a "few days:" and he ſeemed impatient to drop the ſubject.

Alfred, who till this moment never doubted his father's veracity, began to ſuſpect he had diſcovered his affection for Emmeline, and had ſent her on that account out of the way; and that the intelligence of her return was only to amuſe him,

him, but thinking it his duty to believe, he appeared ſatisfied, and ſaid no more; but walked apparently contented, though exceedingly the reverſe, into the parlour to dinner.

CHAP. IV.

My charmed ears ne'er knew
A ſound of ſo much rapture, ſo much joy!

DINNER being ended, he ſought the maid who informed him of Emmeline's abſence firſt, and aſked if Miſs Wilſon was gone to London, or to her own houſe, the girl, who did not exactly know, replied, that ſhe had heard Celia ſay they were not going above ſeven miles diſtant, and their duration would be but ſhort.

Alfred hoped, from what he heard, that her return would be ſpeedy, but leſt it ſhould be the contrary, he ordered his horſe, deſigning to ride unattended to the habitation

habitation purchaſed by the late Mrs. Wilſon, in expectation of ſeeing Emmeline, and if he did not find her there, it would be but a pleaſant ride.

Accordingly he rode out, but to prevent the leaſt ſuſpicion of his intended excurſion, he firſt rode round his father's meadows, ſo that it was evening before he reached Emmeline's ſolitary abode.

When he arrived within about ten minutes walk of the houſe, he left his horſe, and turning down a bye road that led to the dwelling, a fragrant garden preſented itſelf, into which he paſſed through a little gate, and ſaw at a ſmall diſtance another, over which a lady was leaning.

Believing it to be Emmeline, he ſhut the gate rather loud, which alarmed her, who demanded if that was Celia entering?

The voice, to his great joy, was Emmeline's; he ſtopped, fearing his ſudden appearance might ſurprize her, and ſaid, "No madam!—my name is Freemore."

Emmeline overjoyed to hear the name of a perſon ſo beloved, and whoſe idea, from the moment ſhe quitted Auburn Hall, had entirely poſſeſſed her thoughts, turned with an air of complaiſance to meet him; inſtant recollection made her check the kindneſs of her addreſs, and ſhe advanced ſlowly to welcome him, expreſſing how happy ſhe was to be honoured with ſo kind a viſit to her lonely dwelling, and entreated him to walk in and reſt himſelf after his little journey.

Alfred gladly, but ſilently conſented.—As yet he knew not Emmeline's ſentiments towards him—ſhe might be engaged

gaged—and was fearful of riſking her eſteem by confeſſing his paſſion, yet he could not endure a longer ſuſpenſe, and reſolved to embrace the preſent opportunity of declaring the ſincerity and ardour of his affection.

"Madam," ſaid he, "I am come by "my father's wiſh, to inquire after your "health, and to entreat you will ſoon re- "turn to Auburn Hall; for ſince you "have abſented yourſelf from that once "happy habitation, all appears deſolate, "and all ſeverely feel the change."

Emmeline, embarraſſed at this ſolicitation, and already knowing Sir Charles's kindneſs was dictated by love, (which was one of her reaſons for leaving the Hall) replied, "ſir, you muſt excuſe me, rea- "ſons of a very particular nature com-

" pel me to remain where I am;" and ſhe could not repreſs a ſigh at the idea.

Alfred urged to know what diſlike ſhe could have to a family who all adored her, to which ſhe replied, " that is my only " reaſon, and to me a misfortune.—I am, " ſir, continually receiving favours, with- " out poſſeſſing abilities to return them, " and thoſe obligations diſtreſs me ex- " tremely."

" Pardon me, Emmeline, for doubt- " ing you; I ſincerely believe you con- " ceal the real cauſe,—tell me, I beg you " will conſider me as a friend, anxious " for your happineſs,—ſay, is it ſo very " painful to receive favors from thoſe " who truly eſteem you?"

" Your earneſt ſolicitation, Alfred, de- " mands an explicit reply; and though

" you

" you may be diſpleaſed at what I ſhall ſay,
" it is neceſſary, I ſhould inform you your
" father, a gentleman for whom I have
" a profound reſpect, and who I con-
" ſider myſelf bound to eſteem as a friend,
" but nothing more, has declared his
" love for me, and entreated I would give
" him my hand in marriage.—On many
" accounts, ſir, I cannot accept the ho-
" nor he intends by making me his wife:
" —Sir Charles is poſitive, and will not
" be refuſed, he is angry, and thinks it
" ingratitude in me to oppoſe this wiſh
" of his heart; firſt, ſir, I ſincerely de-
" clare I do not love him, though I revere
" him with the affection of a daughter.—
" and I never will marry the man I do not
" truly love. Second, did I conſent to
" this alliance for the ſake of title or for-

" tune, I conſider it would be wronging
" you, by reducing your fortune—that,
" Mr. Freemore, I will never do. And
" laſt——"

Emmeline heſitated, unable to proceed —ſhe looked confuſed—ſhe appeared uneaſy.

" Do pray, madam," ſaid Alfred, " oblige me, and explain your laſt reaſon, " as you have honored me with your con- " fidence, believe me anxious to know " the ſentiments of your heart that ap- " pears ſo very uneaſy."

" To be ſincere, ſir, I muſt own my " heart is otherwiſe engaged."

This confeſſion ſomewhat alleviated the cares of Alfred with regard to his father, but he was mortified at the concluſion.— He ſighed, and ſaid, " That man who was

" bleſt

" bleſt with the affections of ſuch an an-
" gel, might be juſtly envied by all the
" world."

" Fye, flatterer,—" ſaid Emmeline,
" I never thought Alfred Freemore one
" till now—ſincerity beſt becomes you:"
and ſhe roſe to quit him.

Alfred ſeized her hand, and, in a tone of deſpair, exclaimed, " Oh! Emmeline!
" pardon me—if you knew my heart you
" would; but if ever you wiſhed to
" oblige the family of Freemore, ſay—
" ſay—who is ſo happy to be bleſt with
" your affection, that I may congratulate
" his good fortune, and mourn my own
" ill fate."

Emmeline was greatly affected, and alarmed at the manner of his addreſs—and replied, " Seek not to know what I

"wiſh I had ever been a ſtranger to—
"in this ſolitude I may feel content—I
"only requeſt to remain here—the me-
"lancholy ideas that at times fill this bo-
"ſom, ought not to caſt a gloom over
"the inhabitants of Auburn Hall."

"No, Emmeline, I cannot permit you
"to indulge melancholy ideas, and if
"your heart is ſad, ſolitude will never
"chace it away; ſuffer me to prevail on
"you to return, I would exert every en-
"deavour to render you happy.—You
"anſwer me not—have I offended?—are
"you diſpleaſed with me?"

"Far otherwiſe. I eſteem you Alfred
"—I wiſh for your happineſs. I would
"do any thing to promote it that was
"reaſonable."

"Return to Auburn Hall, if you eſ-

"teem

" teem me—make me happy by your pre-
" ſence, though your heart is another's."

" What a poor conſolation," ſaid Em-meline, " if you believed my heart ano-
" ther's, reaſon ought to convince you
" my abſence would be far more prefer-
" able;—and if I did return, I fear Sir
" Charles would diſtreſs me with a con-
" tinuation of his addreſſes, which, as I
" have ſaid before, my heart will not let
" me accept."

" Happy ſhould I feel myſelf, could I
" aſpire to the honor of your affections,
" but one more worthy enjoys that feli-
" city, and deprives me of every hope."

" Alfred," ſhe replied, " have a better
" opinion of yourſelf. You are Sir
" Charles Freemore's ſon, I am Emme-
" line Wilſon; there is not a being

"existing, I think more worthy, more "amiable than yourself; I hold you in "the highest estimation—let not mis-"placed affection incline you to depre-"ciate your worth; I should be angry if "I thought your good sense could deviate "because you imagine yourself disap-"pointed."

"Imagine, madam!——Did you say "I only imagine?"

"Sir!" replied Emmeline, smiling.

"Trifle not, dearest Emmeline—if you "knew the anxiety that torments my "heart, which beats for you alone, you "would pity me.——Tell me, I conjure "you, what you mean—you say there "exists not a being in the world you "think more worthy—you esteem me—"and that I imagine myself disappointed;

"do

"do I only imagine?—may I hope I am "not indifferent to you?"

"You are not;" ſaid Emmeline.

Alfred preſſed the hand he held to his lips. He continued the converſation between doubt and hope; and was ſo happy to find, before he quitted the cottage, that Emmeline permitted him to *hope*, as ſhe again repeated the high regard ſhe had for him, and voluntarily confeſſed ſhe preferred no other.

Alfred was now happy, he believed he was far from indifferent to Emmeline, he remembered all ſhe had ſaid, and flattered himſelf ſhe loved him. Time would not permit his viſit to be long, he again entreated ſhe would return to Auburn Hall, and bade her be under no apprehenſions of his father continuing his addreſſes, for

he

he had declared ſome time ago, that he would not accept her hand if ſhe preferred any perſon before him; adding withal, that Sir Charles was ignorant of this viſit, and his affection for her, and begged ſhe would not mention it, till he had reſolved how to act, as he did not wiſh to cauſe his father any uneaſy ſuſpicions, or excite his reſentment.

Emmeline aſſured him that ſhe would return in a few days, if he thought ſhe would be free from Sir Charles's addreſſes, for as ſhe had ſaid another object claimed place in her eſteem, ſhe muſt alſo ſay, his love gave her great uneaſineſs.——Alfred then departed.

Emmeline was now far happier than ſhe had been for a long time, imagining herſelf beloved by the only perſon in the world

world ſhe wiſhed to pleaſe, and retired to her chamber, infinitely more contented than ſhe had done ſince the death of Mrs. Wilſon, for whom ſhe ſtill lamented, though time had blunted the keenneſs of her ſorrow.

Next morning, while Alfred was at breakfaſt with his father, he again inquired after the health of Emmeline—ſaying, ſhe by this time might have recovered from the indiſpoſition ſhe complained of, entreated him to write for her return, eſpecially as they expected ſome viſitors from London, to whom he thought it was neceſſary ſhe ſhould be introduced, for as the company were ſtrangers to Sir Charles's guardianſhip, hearing a young lady lived there, they might entertain ideas to her prejudice.—"The world, ſir," continued Alfred,

Alfred, "is too apt to think and ſpeak "unfavorably, and let not Emmeline's "character ſuffer by an unthinking neg-"lect.—I hope you will pardon me for "offering my ſuggeſtions."

"Certainly, certainly," replied Sir Charles, "I really did not give the ſubject "a thought, convinced of that ſweet "girl's rectitude of conduct, and amiable "manners, as alſo the honor of my own "intentions, I did not ſtudy the opinion "of the world. You are right, Alfred, "envy, ill-nature, and calumny, are "always in waiting to oppreſs the inno-"cent.—I thank you for the hint; Em-"meline, if ſhe knew the kindneſs of "your deſign, would thank you alſo.— "We will go and bring her home imme-"diately."

Accordingly

Accordingly he ordered the carriage, and, attended by his ſon, ordered to be drove to Miſs Wilſon's. The diſcourſe was principally concerning her: — Sir Charles acknowledged he loved her more than ever, her ſhort abſence had encreaſed his affection, and he declared he meant to eſpouſe her the firſt opportunity. Alfred was uneaſy, but believing the ſincerity of Emmeline, when ſhe pronounced ſhe never would marry Sir Charles, found he muſt act with caution, till a more favorable time ſhould offer of diſcloſing his ſentiments.

Emmeline received them with extreme politeneſs, but appeared greatly diſconcerted, by behaving ſo diſtant to the amiable Alfred.

Sir Charles intreated her to go home with

with them, telling her it was neceſſary for her to appear in the expected company, and he would not permit her to refuſe.

The requeſt almoſt amounting to a command, obliged her to comply, though in reality much againſt her inclinations; for ſhe found a greater pleaſure in that lonely habitation, contemplating the merits and elegant behaviour of the deſerving Alfred, where ſhe was at liberty to indulge her own ſenſations, as alſo happy in inhabiting her paternal dwelling, (as ſhe uſed to call it) where the generoſity of its late owner amuſed her melancholy, and often drew the tear of gratitude and affection from her eyes.

Sir Charles, after taking ſome refreſhment, and having walked about and admired the ſweet manner the garden was laid

laid out, returned with Emmeline, Alfred, and Celia, to Auburn Hall, once more happy in being bleſt with Emmeline's company.

Alfred experienced a ſecret delight in the thought that the perſon he loved deareſt in the world was returning to the ſame houſe that contained him, hoping, as being nearer to her, he might the more often be bleſt with her company.

In about a fortnight the viſitors arrived, conſiſting of Mrs. Oakeley, who was Sir Charles's ſiſter, her daughter, and Lord Harkland.

Emmeline's gentle and agreeable behaviour, gained her the eſteem of all the company; Mrs. Oakeley in particular adored her, and Charlotte Oakeley thought proper to honor her with her friendſhip.

Lord

Lord Harkland ſaw Emmeline, and loved her—would I could ſay his intentions were honorable, or that the ſecret wiſhes of his heart correſponded with the external appearance of a moſt amiable, handſome, and accompliſhed gentleman.

From the moment he beheld Emmeline, his ideas were planning to ſecure her for himſelf. As yet Sir Charles had not made known the affection he had for her to his ſiſter, or any one elſe, but had mentioned the circumſtances Mrs. Wilſon related to him, and the orphan ſtate of his ward.

Lord Harkland liſtened attentively, and the more he learnt Emmeline's unfortunate hiſtory, the more eaſy he believed he could obtain her.

He thought that the allurements of grandeur, the gaiety of an elegant equipage,

page, the vanity of being beloved by a fine gentleman, and admired for her beauty by every body, were ſufficient inducements to entice the innocent heart of a ſimple country girl from the paths of virtue.

Sometimes he checked theſe thoughts; and his better genius interpoſed, and inclined him to aſk her hand in an honorable way, as he found he could not forbear to love her; but this idea was of ſhort duration, for beſides being a great libertine, he was exceedingly proud, and this pride taught him to diſdain an alliance with a foundling poſſeſſed of a few hundred pounds at moſt, and that by the benevolence of a ſtranger, when ſo many ladies of rank and fortune he had ſaved his heart from admiring,—now, like many great

great gentlemen, he thought the poor were to be the prey of the rich. Emmeline, educated and brought up in a ſmall dwelling, far, very far from the glittering pomp of greatneſs, was in his mind a being beneath his notice; and if his attempts ſucceeded, ſhe had no friends to find fault or redreſs her wrongs.—He thought her a fit object for a miſtreſs, but deſpiſed the thought of making her his wife, though he loved her to diſtraction.

Though Charlotte Oakeley was a more ſuitable companion for Emmeline in point of years, yet Emmeline found more pleaſure in the company and converſation of the worthy Mrs. Oakeley, and would often devote ſeveral hours of the day to her, forgetting Charlotte, Sir Charles, and all

all the world but Alfred—his idea was never abſent from her mind.

Miſs Oakeley was a lady of great fortune, inheriting great property from her father's mother, and twenty thouſand pounds left her by her godmother. Her uncle, who had long had it in contemplation, now ſecretly reſolved to bring about an union between her and his ſon—beginning alſo to fear the attraction of the beautiful Emmeline might engage his affections.

Sir Charles one day informed him of his intent, and deſired him to think of Charlotte Oakeley as his deſtined bride, it being no new thought, for that he and Mr. Oakeley, her father, had propoſed it a ſhort time before he died.

Alfred was exceedingly hurt at the requeſt,

queſt, and aſſented only by a bow, ſaying he muſt have time to conſider, as he never had the moſt diſtant thought of ſuch a propoſal.

Sir Charles flattered himſelf, that the large fortune of his niece, and her handſome perſon, would inſure Alfred's affections, and from that hour was never happy, but when he ſaw him in Charlotte's company.

Alfred was deeply embarraſſed—Miſs Oakeley he never liked, and now diſproved of her more than ever. He ſometimes thought of letting his father know the aſcendency Emmeline held in his heart, and the utter impoſſibility of obeying him in the requeſt relative to Miſs Oakeley. But on more mature conſideration, he thought it neceſſary to feign an eſteem for

for Charlotte, well knowing his father would never conſent to his love for Emmeline, and as ſhe in general walked out with Miſs Oakeley, he thought it would not appear ſingular his being in her company.

Thus under the veil of converſing with Miſs Oakeley, he had the opportunity of ſeveral hours of Emmeline's company—and the firſt time he could poſſibly obtain a trifling diſcourſe with her alone, he informed her of his father's reſolution and command, but aſſured her of his inviolable love, which no power on earth could ever diminiſh, or eſtrange the ſincere affections ſhe had inſpired in his boſom.

Emmeline was diſtreſſed beyond deſcription, at a command that baniſhed all her hopes—She believed her dependence

was ſmall, and knowing the vaſt fortune of Miſs Oakeley, and the value almoſt every one ſets on riches, which is a ſoftener to many cares, though they cannot entirely eraſe the feelings that preſide in the heart, yet ſhe did not think the diſintereſted Alfred could be biaſſed by the power of wealth.

She again aſſured him of her love, but thought in the preſent inſtance diſſimulation was abſolutely neceſſary, though her heart diſdained it.—They parted, promiſing to carry on a ſtrict correſpondence by letter, to be left in a private corner of the ſummer houſe, where each morning ſhe would expect one in return.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Oh diſſimulation!——
What miſeries have they entailed on life;
To bring in fraud and diffidence in love!—
Simplicity's the dreſs of honeſt paſſion.

THE character of Charlotte Oakeley was a coquette, ſhe vainly imagined ſhe could command the heart of every man who looked on her—the more ſo, becauſe each flattered her charms. She was really a very intereſting and elegant figure,—was very handſome, and nearly the height of Emmeline. Her complexion beautiful, her hair and eyes were black—but the particular care ſhe took to ſet that figure

off to the beſt advantage, and the continual, though ſeemingly accidental manner of ſearching for compliments, was at times diſguſting.—Charlotte made it her ſtudy of ridiculing all other ladies, for ſome part or other of their dreſs or manner diſpleaſed her, and her vanity was highly offended if a compliment was paid to any but herſelf, when ſhe was in company.

She took little notice of the accompliſhed Alfred; neither did ſhe deſire an union with a plain gentleman, eſpecially when an Earl in London adored her.—Yet to be chatted with, and praiſed, was her delight, and ſhe was ſure of Alfred's company, though ignorant of the cauſe, for Emmeline always endeavoured to be with her, anxious to gratify her eyes with

the

the preſence of the perſon ſhe ſo much eſteemed.

Mrs. Oakeley had often intreated her brother to permit Emmeline to accompany her to London, to paſs the enſuing winter, for as ſhe was a ſtranger to all amuſements, but the pleaſure of retirement, wiſhed to ſhew her thoſe the town afforded.

He at firſt refuſed the offer, but an accident happened that induced him to comply.

Lord Harkland, little known to Sir Charles, but a particular friend of the Oakeleys, pretending buſineſs of material conſequence called his immediate attendance, ſuddenly quitted Auburn Hall; when the reality was, to contrive ſome ſcheme for obtaining Emmeline, and

which he feared would coſt him great difficulty. She had always behaved with the greateſt reſpect to him, and unconſcious of her own beauty, or his intentions, would freely join in converſation, believing no deceit could inhabit a boſom that was apparently ſo free, ſo kind, good-natured, and undeſigning.

Lord Harkland's firſt object was to conſult with a perſon he eſteemed his friend, whom his father, the late Earl of Harkland, had honored for his ſervices;—he now was poſſeſſed of an handſome fortune, and the title of Sir George Anfield.

Alfred was the only admirer at Auburn Hall, and his converſation ſoon grew inſipid to the gay Miſs Oakeley, who could not harbour the idea of immuring her

days

days in the country, without change of perſons, and flattering compliments; therefore the time was fixed for their return to London the enſuing week.

The evening before their departure, Emmeline being alone in the parlour, and was juſt preparing to follow Miſs Oakeley in her uſual walk, the unexpected entrance of Alfred put a period to her intentions for a ſhort time.

Alfred thought ſhe looked unuſually ſad;—he urged to know if any new trouble diſtreſſed her—he preſſed her hand to his lips with fervor, his kind attention excited a tear, which it was difficult to ſuppreſs.

"I really feel unhappy, Alfred; you "urge to know the reaſon of my melan-"choly; I no longer wiſh to conceal it.—

"You love me; my affection for you "cannot be limited. Should your father, "which heaven forbid! oblige you to "marry Miſs Oakeley, I ſincerely believe "my heart could not ſuſtain the ſhock. "—Charlotte would be the moſt happy, "and I the moſt miſerable of women."

Alfred was affected—he endeavoured to ſoothe her ſorrows, and vowed eternal love; and though grieved to ſee her uneaſy, her concern on the preſent occaſion made him happy.

He begged her to be cautious of truſting Charlotte, "for from her infancy," ſaid he, "I have known her to be deceit-"ful and malicious."

"Oh! do not wrong her, Alfred," ſaid ſhe, "it muſt be impoſſible for deceit to "reſide in her heart—ſhe has honoured

"me

" me with her friendſhip, and I be-
" lieve——"

" Ah! Emmeline, believe not," replied Alfred, " your diſpoſition is ſo free " and undeſigning, your education ſo pri-
" vate and remote from the world and
" its treacheries, that I cannot wonder at
" your unſuſpecting all who exhibit a
" ſmiling proteſting face. Charlotte
" Oakeley has been brought up far diffe-
" rent—fortune and faſhion has been the
" principal of her ſtudy. She was the
" darling of her father;—ſhe was not to
" be tormented with learning more than
" ſhe pleaſed; indulgence in all her fan-
" cies, being an only child, has ruined her
" —her mother is truly good and amiable,
" ſo was my uncle. Charlotte is, and
" always was, in every reſpect, their infe-
" rior, reſigning her into the hands of

" mercenary teachers, who have encour-
" raged all her faults, and poiſoned the
" few good qualities ſhe derived from her
" birth—they have baniſhed gentleneſs,
" goodneſs, truth, and benevolence from
" her mind. Charlotte is now a lady of
" faſhion, would I could ſay of feeling
" and ſincerity. I caution you for your
" own ſake—formerly I diſliked her, and
" now ſhe is my averſion."

Emmeline was perfectly free in her own diſpoſition, and mild as the dove. She wondered at the meaning of the ſuſpicions Alfred entertained againſt the perſon ſhe eſteemed a friend, but time would not permit an explanation at preſent.

She was in haſte to join the ladies in the garden, believing her abſence might alarm them; accordingly ſhe walked out, leaning on Alfred's arm, and ſo taken up

were

were they with their own affairs, that they did not obſerve Sir Charles haſtening towards them.

Sir Charles inſtantly felt the bitter agony of jealous ſuſpicion, to ſee his ſon ſo earneſtly in converſation with the perſon he wiſhed to call his own. He followed near enough to overhear their diſcourſe, and found Alfred was ſpeaking of *affection*, but could not exactly diſtinguiſh what ſhe replied—he juſt heard her mention, *his father*.

Shortly after ſhe wiſhed him a good evening, and ſtepped briſkly forward to Mrs. and Miſs Oakeley.

She was ſcarce out of ſight, when Sir Charles accoſted his ſon in a violent paſſion, charging him with baſely endeavouring to eſtrange the affections of a lady already engaged to him.

Alfred, equally unwilling to expoſe Emmeline's love, or offend Sir Charles, replied, "Pardon me, ſir, I have heard "you ſpeak of your regard for Miſs "Emmeline, but I did not know ſhe "had engaged or conſented to give her "hand and heart to you, and by con-"ducting her to the ladies now walking "in the garden, I did not imagine I "ſhould incur your diſpleaſure."

"Conſent," replied Sir Charles, "there "wants none—ſhe knows I love her, her "conſent muſt follow of courſe, or I ſhall "take ſteps to prevent her marrying any "other; her age is now ſeventeen years "and an half; three years and an half "more, by Mrs. Wilſon's will, ſhe is to "be under my care.—Are you ſatisfied?

"Perfectly, ſir."—

"Then

" Then never ſpeak to her again; if " you do, you will feel the ſeverity of " my diſpleaſure."

Alfred bowed:—it was a blow he little expected to receive, and was leſs prepared to anſwer, therefore, unfit for converſation, he retired to his chamber. There he wrote a full account to Emmeline of what had happened, and as time would not permit his impatience to wait till morning, repaired to the ſummer houſe; but deſcending the ſtairs, he met Celia, and deſired her to give that note privately to Miſs Wilſon; and leaſt ſhe ſhould deliver it to his father, made her a handſome preſent for her fidelity to her miſtreſs.

The note diſconcerted Emmeline exceedingly; ſcarce had ſhe peruſed the contents, when a mandate came for her

to

to attend Sir Charles Freemore immediately on particular buſineſs.

Emmeline tremblingly obeyed: ſhe was a ſtranger to diſſimulation, and falſehood was foreign to her heart.—Alfred in his note had requeſted her to ſay ſhe was a ſtranger to his paſſion. Sir Charles demanded inſtant attendance,—ſhe was totally unprepared what to ſay. It was an unuſual hour for ſuch a requeſt, and ſhe fearfully entered the parlour, and inquired the cauſe of his ſending for her at that hour, as ſhe was juſt retiring to reſt; but inſtead of beholding the hitherto mild behaviour of her guardian, ſhe, for the firſt time, found him in a moſt violent paſſion.

Begging to know what made him ſo uncommonly angry, he darted a look of fury at her, exclaiming, "'Tis you, Em-
"meline!"

"Heavens!

"Heavens! me ſir,—in what pray have I been ſo unfortunate to offend?—unknown and undeſigned!"

Sir Charles's rage was ſoon ſoftened by the mildneſs with which ſhe inquired the reaſon of his agitation of ſpirits, and the viſible concern that was depicted on her countenance. He took her hand, and looking tenderly in her face, ſaid, "deareſt "Emmeline, do not break my heart."

She was ſilent,—his behaviour aſtoniſhed her,—but her ſurpriſe encreaſed when he "ſaid, I have ſomething to aſk you, which "I deſire you will truly inform me of."

She aſked what he wiſhed to know.

Sir Charles replied, "My ſon Alfred "gives me inexpreſſible concern on your "account, he is a headſtrong young man, "and I fear has intentions towards you, "which

" which I by no means approve—there-
" fore tell me—has he not confeſſed a vio-
" lent love for you this afternoon?—I
" ſuſpect he has!"

Emmeline replied in the affirmative.

" And that love," ſaid Sir Charles,
" was favourably received."

It was a difficulty for her to anſwer contrary to the true ſentiments of her heart; yet ſhe was convinced of the neceſſity of concealing the affection ſhe had for Alfred, and to endeavour to evade declaring it, ſhe ſaid, " Sir Charles, I acknowledge
" Mr. Freemore has hinted the regard he
" ſays he has for me;—but does it then
" follow that I ſhould liſten favourably to
" his proteſtations?—my heart eſteems
" him, in the firſt inſtance, becauſe he is
" related to the perſon I revere as
" my

" my friend—my heart will feel grateful
" ſentiments towards all thoſe, whom I
" have received any favours from, your
" family in particular have obliged me
" greatly; I therefore deſire, ſir, you
" will not wiſh to confine the natural
" friendſhip of my mind, as I do not
" conſider myſelf, at the age I now am,
" bound to conſult you who I ſhall eſ-
" teem as a friend or an acquaintance;—
" but love is a ſubject I do not wiſh to
" introduce; I imagine myſelf much too
" young to entertain a thought of it at
" preſent, ſo intreat all diſcourſe on that
" head may be dropped."

Sir Charles was vexed at what ſhe ſaid, but affected to appear ſatisfied, and diſmiſſed her, though his heart was ſtill burſting with jealous inquietude. And the

day

day approaching that was to bear Mrs. Oakeley to London, by her laſt intreaty for Emmeline, obtained permiſſion for her to go with them.

Sir Charles now gladly conſented, in hopes that ſhe being baniſhed from his ſon might be there ſecure from his pretenſions; and he gave Mrs. Oakeley ſtrict charge to deny him admittance if ever he dared call to ſee Emmeline.

Emmeline received the intelligence of her removal to London after ſhe had retired to her chamber, and having no opportunity of ſeeing Alfred, waited with impatience till morning. Finding it impoſſible to go to the ſummer houſe, without riſking a diſcovery, ſhe was obliged to make a friend of Celia. Accor ingly ſhe returned to her chamber, and wrote the following:—

" I am

" I am ſuddenly commanded to obey
" your father, and repair to London;—
" the cauſe of this removal I cannot ac-
" count for, I am much inclined to diſ-
" like the journey, but be the event what
" it will, aſſure yourſelf I am, and will
" be, eternally your

" EMMELINE."

This note ſhe gave Celia to deliver to him, who haſtened to obey: and the coach at that moment arriving at the door, called Alfred to bid adieu to his friends. His ſurpriſe at ſeeing Emmeline ready to accompany them was extreme, and ſo cautious was Sir Charles, leſt Alfred ſhould find an opportunity of ſpeakng to Emmeline, that he conducted her to the carriage himſelf.

When Alfred approached, leading Charlotte,

lotte, the diſtreſs that too viſibly appeared on his fine countenance, added to Emmeline's greater confuſion, ſhe caſt a melancholy look at him, and faltering ſaid, "farewell."

The carriage drove away, and left him to muſe on her unexpected departure, and the ſtrange note he had received from Celia as he approached to take leave of the company.

Emmeline was extremely ill company during the journey; ſilently grieving for the dear object ſhe had left at the Hall, but fearful that her taciturnity might be deemed diſreſpect, obliged her to exert her ſpirits, and aſſume a chearfulneſs contrary to the feelings of her heart.

Mrs. Oakcley (who was all goodneſs,) obſerved the conflict, but was too kind to wound

wound her with diſcloſing her ſuſpicions. —She believed a union between Alfred and Charlotte would never take place, for ſhe had beheld his apparent fondneſs for Emmeline, and was grieved at the charge given her by Sir Charles.

Not ſo Miſs Oakeley; ſhe had entirely forgot Alfred, the idea of returning to thoſe ſcenes of her former gaiety, and the flattery of a train of admirers, made her inſenſible of every thing elſe:—what new faſhions, new plays, who was eſteemed the beſt ſinger, and when the next maſquerade would be, was all that now occupied her thoughts.—Thus they arrived ſafely in London.

Alfred was infinitely diſtreſſed:—the departure of Emmeline encreaſed his anxiety, he imagined her now paſt recall, and dreaded

dreaded his father might haſten to London, and there be united to all his ſoul held dear.

Sir Charles ſtrictly obſerved every motion of his ſon, who ſo well diſſembled as to evade all ſuſpicion of his love.—Alfred ſeldom mentioned her name, and when by accident ſhe became the ſubject of converſation, he endeavoured to regard her with the utmoſt indifference, ſo that in a ſhort time Sir Charles believed his ſuſpicions were ill founded.

A month had elapſed ſince Alfred beheld her, and his impatience was now extreme.—But how to get to London, and avoid ſuſpicion, appeared a difficulty.

Ruminating one night on the ſubject that always filled his thoughts, a project preſented itſelf, that ſeemed to favour his hopes, it was this:—

He

He wrote a letter to a gentleman of the name of Mandeville, who was a moſt particular friend of his, and who lived at a diſtance in the country, informing him of every circumſtance that had tranſpired, and intreated he would ſo far ſerve him, as to write a letter, requeſting Alfred to come and paſs the enſuing Chriſtmas with him. This ſucceeded, Mr. Mandeville no ſooner received the letter, than he haſtened to relieve the anxiety of his friend, and ſet off with the greateſt expedition, to make the requeſt in perſon.

Sir Charles Freemore, when he learnt the intent of the invitation, immediately complied, flattering himſelf that Alfred, in the company of Mr. Mandeville, would forget all thoughts of Miſs Wilſon.

The next morning they bid adieu to

Sir

Sir Charles, and quitted Auburn Hall.—But when they had continued a few miles on the road leading to Mr. Mandeville's, they altered their courſe, and proceeded with all poſſible ſpeed to London, Mr. Mandeville inſiſting to bear Alfred company during his ſtay there.

Mrs. Oakeley had been kind enough to inform Alfred privately by letter, of his father's ſtrict command of denying him admittance if he called there, which made him deem it improper to go to her houſe; but fortunately procured a lodging at a ſhop, the beginning of Bruton Street, where ſhe reſided, ſo deſirably ſituated, that from the window he could obſerve whoever went to Mrs. Oakeley's.

He had been but a few days in town, when going out for a morning's ride, he obſerved

obſerved Mrs. Oakeley's carriage in waiting, he ſtopped a few minutes, and ſaw Mrs. Oakeley, Charlotte and Emmeline get in, and it drove away.

He determined to follow at a diſtance. They were going for an airing in Hyde-Park, and after they had rode round two or three times, the carriage ſtopped at a confectioners, near Kenſington-gardens, where they alighted.

After they had quitted the ſhop, he rode there to take ſome refreſhment, and made inquiries concerning the ladies who had juſt departed from thence.

He found, by the ſhopkeeper's information, that they generally called there every day. This was the happieſt intelligence that could occur, and he returned overjoyed to Mr. Mandeville.

The next day Mrs. Oakeley was rather indiſpoſed, and would not leave home, but deſired Emmeline to take her intended airing; Charlotte refuſed to accompany her, expecting the Earl of Bellville to pay her a viſit, who was now her lover.

Emmeline would have waited with Mrs. Oakeley, for whom ſhe had a great affection, but Mrs. Oakeley again intreated ſhe would not debar herſelf the pleaſure of an airing on her account, and urged her to go, as the fineneſs of the day might poſſibly afford her amuſement.

"Then if I go alone madam," ſaid ſhe, "I ſhall ride a ſingle horſe."

"Do, my love, I know you are fond of "one."

Emmeline immediately ordered it to be ready, while ſhe retired to dreſs, and attended

attended by a ſingle footman, directed her ſteed towards Hyde-Park.

Mr. Mandeville ſeeing her come out, and not knowing whether it was Miſs Oakeley or Emmeline, haſtened Mr. Freemore in preparing to follow: "there "is," ſaid he, "a lovely young lady gone "out alone, you muſt be happy if that "charming perſon is the lady by whom "you are beloved.—You know I am a "lover, and flatter myſelf my charming "couſin honors me with her affection; I "wiſh for no greater bleſſing on earth; "you have frequently heard me ſpeak of "her Alfred.—But, come—let us make "haſte."

They mounted their horſes, and inſtantly rode away.

They rode, undiſcovered by Emmeline,

till they came to the Serpentine River, where, croſſing between the trees that decks its borders, they met.

This unexpected interview elated each heart. Emmeline was a few moments ſpeechleſs with ſurpriſe, then aſked how he came to London, and eluded the command of his father?

As it took more time to recite than could be ſpared, they purſued their ride, and diſcourſed by the way:—In talking over their affairs, ſhe learnt he was there *incog.*

She therefore thought it moſt prudent to return alone, dreading his father might be informed of his journey to London, which would probably encreaſe his diſpleaſure, and fruſtrate all their ardent hopes. Accordingly, when they came to Hyde-

Park

Park Corner, ſhe took her leave, promiſing to ſee him again as ſoon as poſſible.

Alfred was happy.—He had ſeen her, and that, in his circumſtances, was ſufficient; neither was Emmeline leſs pleaſed at the interview, ſhe returned to Mrs. Oakeley in higher ſpirits than ſhe had ever beheld her, ſince ſhe came to London.

CHAP. VI.

O jealouſy! thou bane to pleaſing friendſhip,
Thou worſt invader of our tender boſoms!
How does thy rancour poiſon all our ſweetneſs,
And turn our gentle nature into bitterneſs!—
See where ſhe comes!—once my deareſt bleſſing!
Now my changed eyes are blaſted with her beauty,
Loaths that known face, and ſickens to behold her.

MRS. OAKELEY was happy to ſee her ſo apparently cheerful, and earneſtly inquired if ſhe had met with any thing to divert her, in her little ride.

"Dear madam," ſaid Emmeline, "I "confeſs I have been exceedingly fortu- "nate; I have ſeen your dear nephew "Alfred."

Mrs.

Mrs. Oakeley was ſurpriſed, but not diſpleaſed; but deſired ſhe would not mention the circumſtance to Charlotte, leſt ſhe, unthinkingly, might ſpeak of it, and his London excurſion find a way to his father's knowledge.

While Mrs. Oakeley was giving this caution to Emmeline, Miſs Oakeley ſent to intreat Emmeline's company to take a diſh of chocolate after her ride. Emmeline obeyed,—and entered the parlour where Miſs Oakeley and Lord Bellville were ſitting. He had ſeen her alight, and though he had often ſeen her before, yet never viewed her with ſuch favourable eyes as the preſent.

Her careleſs manner of appearance excited his admitation; ſhe was tall, elegantly proportioned, her eyes a fine blue,

and her face received additional beauty from the sharp air of the morning; her hair a fine brown, was entirely loosened by the wind, and played in artless ringlets on her shoulders; her countenance animated with the pleasing idea of having seen Alfred; her blue habit coat unbuttoned, discloſed her white garments, and made her appear uncommonly handsome.

Seeing the company into which she so heedlessly ran, she made an apology for her strange appearance, and begged permission to retire and alter her dress.—— Miss Oakeley said it did very well—by no means to make an alteration.—Lord Bellville helped her to take off her coat, and she sat sociably down to partake of their refreshment.

His Lordship's bosom felt the power of her

her charms, he gazed on her with delight, and returned ſuch indirect replies to what was addreſſed to him, that the penetrating eye of Miſs Oakeley could not refrain obſerving his embarraſſment.—She felt hurt, her pride was mortified, and ſhe determined to watch him cloſely.

Miſs Oakeley, though a profeſſed external beauty, was nevertheleſs quite the reverſe in mind, being proud, haughty, envious, arrogant, and reſolute in all her ſuppoſitions and intentions, be they ever ſo ill founded. She had aſſured the meek ſpirited Emmeline eternal friendſhip, but in this interview with the Earl of Bellville, was mortally inclined to hate her; and jealouſy prompted her to contrive ſome means of revenge for the alteration of Lord Bellville's affections

His next viſit confirmed her ſuſpicions. The firſt compliments were ſcarce paſſed, before he inquired for Miſs Wilſon.

Miſs Oakeley had one hope left of ſecuring his affections, and the charming title of Counteſs. Lord Harkland, her former admirer, a man of great fortune, now paid his addreſſes to Emmeline, though ſhe believed he was not well received; yet, if Lord Harkland married Miſs Wilſon, ſhe might ſtill retain Lord Bellville's heart, and, if the contrary, ſhe was determined to be rid of her ſome way or other, and longed for her rival to be removed from the houſe.

Emmeline, innocent herſelf, and unſuſpecting deceit in others, had freely told all her concerns, except that important ſecret of Alfred's being in London; and

Charlotte

Charlotte knowing her affection for him, contrived all the arts ſhe was miſtreſs of to excite a jealouſy in Emmeline's guiltleſs boſom.

Alfred had frequent opportunities of ſeeing her, but never alone, ſo that he was prevented from ſpeaking, and ſix weeks were now elapſed ſince he came to London. He began to deſpair of ſeeing her alone, or with Mrs. Oakeley, he knew Charlotte's diſpoſition, and feared her.—When one evening inquiring of a ſervant of Mrs. Oakeley's, he learnt that Charlotte and her mother, with Lord Bellville, were going out for the evening, he then ſecretly reſolved to ſee Emmeline.

Having obſerved their departure, he, unknown to Emmeline, gained admittance, and walked into the parlour

where she was sitting, writing a letter to him.

This was an unexpected happiness;—she communicated to him the concern she endured from the troublesome addresses of Lord Harkland, as also the strange and disagreeable behaviour of Miss Oakeley, and that she waited, with the greatest anxiety, the arrival of Sir Charles Freemore, to take her back to Auburn Hall.

Alfred's distress was equal to that Emmeline experienced.—He knew Lord Harkland to be a man of gallantry, and feared the honour of his intentions, as he had often heard him declare he would never marry. He did not doubt Emmeline's fidelity, for she again protested eternal love.

Eleven o'clock came, which called Mr. Freemore

Freemore home, and as they were bidding adieu, Mrs. Oakeley, with Charlotte, Lord Bellville and Lord Harkland, entered the room.

Lord Harkland now no longer doubted her refuſal to his offered love was for the ſake of Alfred Freemore, and ſecretly envied his happineſs.—Mrs. Oakeley intreated him to ſtay ſupper, ſaying, ſhe ſuppoſed he was juſt come to London.—The invitation he gladly accepted, happy to enjoy a ſhort time more of his adored Emmeline's company. He knew Mrs. Oakeley's affection for him, and the regard ſhe had for his mother induced him to hope ſhe would conceal this viſit from his father, whoſe anger he knew he had to dread,—but then he could not anſwer for Charlotte; however, the evening was paſt agreeably

ably, and when he bade them adieu, Mrs. Oakeley inſiſted he ſhould call and dine with them the following day. He aſſured her he felt the honor and pleaſure ſhe conferred by the invitation, and ſaid ſhe might command him,—then departed.

Immediately on his leaving them, Emmeline, whoſe heart was filled with the idea of Alfred, and obſerving Lord Harkland and Lord Bellville's inquiſitive looks were fixed on her, requeſted permiſſion to retire to her chamber, which being granted, ſhe bade the company good night, and withdrew;—and they ſoon after took their leave.

Lord Bellville now plainly perceived, by Emmeline's concern for Alfred, that he had nothing to hope. And the impetuous behaviour of Miſs Oakeley, was not at all calculated

calculated to regain the heart that had yeilded to the angel ſoftneſs of the engaging Emmeline; he reſolved to frequent Mrs. Oakeley's leſs than uſual, hoping, by abſence, to eraſe from remembrance the idea of a perſon he found himſelf compelled to adore. While Lord Harkland flew to Charlotte for relief—acknowledged he could not live without Emmeline, and beſeeching ſhe would give her aſſiſtance in obtaining the object of his wiſhes.

Emmeline had refuſed his hand, though offered for the firſt time with honourable intentions, the refuſal alarmed his pride, and he was determined to accompliſh his wiſhes at all events.

Charlotte aſſured him of her aſſiſtance—Freemore's viſit to London, ſhe hoped, would furniſh her with the means of revenging

venging herſelf on Emmeline.—She had obſerved with concern the decline of Lord Bellville's affection—and imputed the neglect to the undeſigning Emmeline.

One evening ſhe went alone to the play, and, on her return, inquiring for Alfred, found he had not been there, ſhe pauſed—an opportunity now offered to exerciſe her project.

"I thought as much, Emmeline," ſaid ſhe, after a ſhort heſitation.

"Why ſo pray?"—

"It will make you uneaſy if I tell you," replied Miſs Oakeley, with apparent uneaſineſs and concern—"but to ſpeak the "truth, I really think he treats you very "ill."

"Oh—it is impoſſible,—Alfred is too "good, too generous."

"Lulled

"Lulled in imagined ſecurity, perhaps "you think it impoſſible he can be falſe "Emmeline; continue in that thought; "if you are contented with his divided "affections, I am wrong, very wrong to "interfere."

"Be ſo kind Miſs Oakeley to explain "your meaning; I am extremely ſurpriſed "at what you have ſaid."

"I ſaw him at the play," ſhe replied, "in company with a very beautiful, "charming lady,— Oh! if you could but "ſee her, your heart would ſhrink with "dread—it is impoſſible to ſee her with-"out loving her. He ſeemed to pay her "extraordinary attention: I was extreme-"ly uneaſy, for your ſake, becauſe I know "you love him, but he is ungrateful Em-"meline, inſenſible,—pardon me, I fear

"I have

" I have ſaid too much; but my affection
" for you induced me to ſpeak, that you
" may be no longer impoſed on, though
" I had determined in my own mind to
" take no notice of the affair."

" Oh! Miſs Oakeley:—you certainly
" make a miſtake; I think I could ven-
" ture to lay my life it was not Alfred."

" Continue in that belief, if it is your
" pleaſure. I only caution you as a friend,
" I aſked a gentleman and lady that ſat
" in the ſame box with me, who ſeemed
" to know them, who the lady was:—
" they ſaid it was the lady to whom Mr.
" Freemore was going to be married in
" the courſe of a few days—O! I was ſo
" hurt, ſo affected, ſo troubled for you!
" I paid little attention to the perform-
" ance, ſo anxious was I to learn the whole

" of

" of his perfidy.—I will ſay no more—I " will not diſtreſs you—I well know " what you muſt ſuffer."

Emmeline ſighed—unable to ſpeak.

" Allow me, dear Emmeline, to adviſe " you. I will freely ſay how I would act " —I would avoid him, nor would I per- " mit him to vindicate himſelf or deceive " me again; ſay nothing to him,—I really " do not think he loves you; I ſincerely " think all his proteſtations were flattery— " promiſe me you will ſee him no more " —I will convince you further to- " morrow."

Emmeline took her hand, and unable to conceal her tears, ſaid, " thank you dear " Miſs Oakeley, if you mean this in kind- " neſs to me, but you have harrowed my " heart with thorns.—Good night."

She

She then retired to her chamber, unable to ſuſtain the agonizing thoughts that oppreſſed her boſom, and wept over the miniature of the apparently guilty Alfred.

In the morning Emmeline refuſed to join the breakfaſt party, and Charlotte imagining her arts had ſucceeded, ſecretly rejoiced at the injury ſhe had done her rival in Lord Bellville's affections.

Lord Harkland was not long ignorant—for Charlotte made him believe what had paſſed was to ſerve him. And when Alfred came in the evening as uſual, he ſaw, with anxious concern, the cold behaviour of his Emmeline; ſhe ſcarcely anſwered his interrogations; it was the firſt time he had ever ſeen her diſpleaſed or diſſatisfied with him.

Charlotte had enjoined her to avoid an explanation,

explanation, saying, " the ungrateful were " never at a loss for excuses." When Miss Oakeley left the room, he again urged to know the cause of her apparent melancholy and displeasure.

Emmeline could not suppress her tears; she replied, " my heart is not prepared to " receive affronts I am not able to resent : " but you will find they shall be resented. " You have practised too much deception " on me already, but never, Alfred, did I " imagine falsehood inhabited the bosom " of one I so truly valued as I have you ; " I am convinced, and therefore beg you " will trouble me no more."

She then left the room and Alfred, to think of what she had said.

All endeavours of mine are faint in describing the agonizing torments that wrung his

his boſom. He flew to Mrs. Oakeley, intreated ſhe would be ſo kind as to intercede with Miſs Wilſon in his behalf, whom he had ignorantly offended. Mrs. Oakeley was equally a ſtranger in the miſunderſtanding between them, but promiſed by the next evening to uſe her efforts and bring about a reconciliation, if any difference had taken place.

Aſſured of her friendſhip, he returned home to Mr. Mandeville, full of diſtreſſing ideas, to whom he vented his complaints. But to encreaſe his troubles, he found Mr. Mandeville preparing to ſet out for Paris, having received a letter from his father to meet him there on very extraordinary buſineſs;—he was to be accompanied by his aunt, and was requeſted to be as expeditious as poſſible.

" Difficulties

" Difficulties never come alone," ſaid Alfred; " your friendſhip is now my only " conſolation,—fate deprives me of that " alſo."

Mr. Mandeville was a very amiable young gentleman, only ſon to Lord Mandeville; his diſpoſition was friendly and engaging. Alfred, would have no one to aſſuage his ſorrows in the abſence of this gentleman; the conſolation offered by the generous and friendly voice of Mr. Mandeville, ſeemed like a charm to diſpel the poignancy of his troubled breaſt, and Alfred often thought there was a ſtriking reſemblance between him and Emmeline.

Emmeline's grief was extreme; already ſhe repented her harſh treatment, and revolving in her mind that Charlotte might have been miſtaken, or might have told this to try her, accuſed herſelf with unkindneſs

kindneſs in being ſo haſty, and [illegible] hoped to ſee him and learn [illegible] She thought it unjuſt to condemn [illegible] without allowing him an opportunity of vindicating himſelf, who had never, to her recollection, deceived her in any thing.—"It is but mere juſtice that he ſhould be "heard; if I am in the wrong I certainly "ought to acknowledge it, and ſeek for-"giveneſs if I ſuſpect him unjuſtly."

Whilſt Mrs. Oakeley was telling her, with what grief her nephew departed from thence the preceding evening, owing to her diſpleaſure, a loud knock at the door broke in on their diſcourſe, and rendered Emmeline more wretched than ſhe imagined ſhe poſſible could be.

This was a letter from Sir Charles Freemore to her and Mrs. Oakeley, informing them

them he ſhould come to London in a few days to fetch Emmeline home, intimating to her, that every thing was ready for the marriage, which (though ſhe had never promiſed) he truſted ſhe would not refuſe, and hinted how happy he ſhould be if ſhe would permit the ceremony to be performed in London.

This diſtreſſing intelligence ſhocked her ſeverely, it deprived her of the power of ſpeech, and ſhe ſunk ſenſeleſs on the ground overcome by the moſt tormenting apprehenſions; Mrs. Oakeley's kind aſſiſtance with ſome difficulty reſtored her, and tears fortunately gave her relief. Her aſtoniſhment and grief was too powerful to be ſurmounted—ſhe was diſtracted at the thought that Sir Charles, in coming to London, might, in all probability, meet his

ſon by accident there, fearful of his incuring the diſpleaſure of his enraged father, induced her (by the perſuaſions of Mrs. Oakeley) to write to him immediately.

Alfred, on receiving the letter, impatiently hurried to Mrs. Oakeley's; he learnt ſome of the afflicting news from her, but was eager to ſoothe the anxiety of Emmeline. He flew to the room where ſhe was ſitting, and ſo inattentive was ſhe, that ſhe did not perceive him, till he fell at her feet, and tenderly intreated to know the extent of her troubles.

Emmeline's heart was too full to make a reply; her ſilence alarmed him—he was unaccuſtomed to this kind of reception, and looked on her in mute ſurpriſe; but obſerving her dejectedly turn her head from him, he ſeized her hand, and in agony exclaimed

claimed, "Will not my Emmeline beſtow
"a look?—one trifling word to eaſe the
"heart-rending pangs that rack my boſom!
"—O ſpeak! your cruel ſilence is dou-
"bly afflicting, tell me the cauſe of this
"diſtreſs;—your letter commanded my
"attendance, it mentioned ſomething of
"my father, I could perceive you was
"greatly agitated when you wrote it.—I
"found my aunt very uneaſy, ſhe ſpeaks
"of my father's marriage, ſhe knows not
"the particulars, or ſhe dreads to wound
"me,—relieve the anxiety your letter and
"appearance have excited in my breaſt,
"or I ſhall go diſtracted."

Seeing he waited for an anſwer, ſhe re-
plied, "Aſk me not from whence proceeds
"this ſtrange behaviour and uncommon
"ſadneſs, it is ſufficient I am miſerable;—

"read that dreadful letter which I re-
"ceived a ſhort time previous to my
"writing to you, and judge of my diſ-
"treſs; but let me beg of you to decline
"coming here again—if you do, all is
"loſt."

She then gave him the papers for a peruſal and explanation.

Alfred's aſtoniſhment was beyond deſcription—he was on the brink of loſing her for ever, and how to ſave her he could not deviſe; he had always obeyed his father with the greateſt reſpect, and lamented that this father, ſo unkind to his wiſhes in the preſent inſtance, but ſo good and generous in every other, ſhould be the cauſe of their diſtreſs.—If Emmeline was married to Sir Charles, every hope of happineſs in this world vaniſhed from his mind. Thus

Thus grieved, he folded his arms, and walked in ſilent anguiſh ſeveral times acroſs the room, frequently ſtopping to gaze on the fatal letter.

Obſerving Emmeline ſit in mournful concern, he at length ſaid—"Sure my "dear Emmeline never will conſent to "this improper union—can ſhe forget all "her proteſtations, and abandon her un- "happy Alfred to deſpair?—Ah! ſhould "ſhe wed Sir Charles, what will become "of Alfred?—by heaven, I will not "ſurvive the hour that gives you to my "father."

"No, Alfred, I never can conſent—I "revere Sir Charles as a parent, but no "more; and no force on earth ſhall com- "pel me to yield my hand, where my "heart is not diſpoſed. It is true, I am

" an orphan—I am friendleſs. Sir Charles " and yourſelf are all I can boaſt, and in " his poſſeſſion my little all is left; but " ought he then to put a force on my " inclinations, becauſe my principal re- " liance is on him.—No, it is aſſuming " a tyrannic power, which I will not " obey."

Encouraged by the energy of her expreſſion, he ſeized her hand in tranſport, returning her a thouſand thanks for refuſing an alliance ſo detrimental to all his hopes, then earneſtly begged to know how ſhe meant to proceed.

" Firſt tell me, Alfred—do you ſin- " cerely love me?"

" How cruelly unkind you are to doubt " it," replied Alfred," did I ever, Em- " meline, give you cauſe to ſuſpect my " faith or love?"

" Surely

" Surely you forget," ſaid Emmeline, " being at the play laſt Tueſday night, " with the lady reported to be your in- " tended bride."

" What mean you, Emmeline?—what " lady?—I proteſt I have not been at the " play all the week; and whoever ſays I " have, have related an infamous falſe- " hood."

" Miſs Oakeley ſaw you there," ſhe replied, " ſurely I may believe her."

Alfred appeared hurt, and ſaid—" If " Charlotte was the inventor of that fic- " tion, I cannot blame you for treating " me with ſuch coldneſs;—but ſurely " you knew my heart better than to " let any one induce you to ſuſpect my " love."

" I bluſh to own I could one moment

"doubt it:" she replied——and remembering the promise of secrecy Charlotte enjoined, no longer doubted the error she was led into, and related to him all the conversation that passed between them; when a reconciliation immediately took place.

Alfred was once more happy in the affection of Miss Wilson. Seeing also the necessity of restraining his visits for fear of being discovered.—Emmeline thought it most prudent for him to return to Auburn Hall, where she, doubtless, would be in a few days; and she hoped to contrive the means of refusing Sir Charles's addresses, and acknowledge her love for Alfred.

Thus flattering themselves with the hope of success, and again protesting

eternal

eternal love, they parted; and early next morning Alfred ſet out poſt for Auburn Hall, while Emmeline anxiouſly awaited the arrival of Sir Charles.

CHAP. VII.

Friendſhip is conſtant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love.

ALFRED arrived at the Hall a few hours before his father ſet out on his journey to London. This unexpected return much ſurpriſed the old gentleman, but Alfred ſoon ſet all things clear, by informing him, that Mr. Mandeville was gone expreſs to his father at Paris, on buſineſs of conſequence.

"Relate what has occurred," ſaid Sir Charles, "when I return; for I am going "immediately to London—the carriage "waits."

"Then

"Then let me beg you, ſir, to preſent "my reſpects to all friends in town, par-"ticularly my aunt Oakeley, as I make "no doubt but you will call there." Sir Charles bid him adieu, and ſeating himſelf in the carriage, drove ſpeedily away.

Alfred had now leiſure to think of his dear Emmeline—he re-viſited thoſe walks and arbours that had been bleſt with her preſence; each rural proſpect was agreeable to him, becauſe ſhe had admired it; he felt happy, but was anxious for her arrival.

Sir Charles Freemore not having the leaſt ſuſpicion of Alfred's trip to London, amuſed himſelf by the way with the pleaſing imagination of Emmeline's meeting him with a return of affection.

He arrived in London, and went im-

mediately to his ſiſter's, where he had the happineſs of ſeeing his fair ward, who received him with great politeneſs, but far from the reception he flattered himſelf ſhe would give him.—Alfred, the ſole object of her thoughts, reigned predominant—ſhe eagerly inquired after his health.

Sir Charles perceived her attachment, which he had ſo long dreaded; he embraced the opportunity of repreſenting Alfred in no very pleaſing light, ſaying, he ill merited the leaſt ſhare of her concern, and if he continued his preſent undutiful behaviour, he had ſome thoughts of diſinheriting him.

This was a threat for which ſhe was not prepared—ſhe feared, by Sir Charles's diſpleaſure, he had diſcovered Alfred's viſit

to

to London. She could not ſuſtain the idea of Alfred's incurring his father's anger—tears were ſtarting in her eyes—ſhe fell on her knees, and intreated he would ſuffer her to turn ſuppliant for him.

Sir Charles, enraged at her ſolicitations, and ſuppoſing all hopes of obtaining her were defeated, replied, "Ungrateful "Emmeline!—are all my expectations "come to this?—have I ſo long che-"riſhed the flattering idea of calling you "mine, which from your native kindneſs "I could not dream of any oppoſition to "my wiſhes, I was ſure of your com-"pliance; and Alfred ſhall ſeverely ſuffer "for daring to be an impediment to my "happineſs."

"Hear me ſpeak, ſir," ſaid Emmeline, "and

" and do not ſay I am ungrateful——I
" call heaven to witneſs that I never gave
" you any promiſe of the kind; even
" when you have mentioned the ſubject,
" you have heard me repeatedly decline
" the honor you intended."

" Yes, for Alfred I ſuppoſe," he replied,
" but he muſt be careful how he excites
" my reſentment."

" Alfred ſir, is very unfortunate, if
" he has diſpleaſed you; I am very certain
" his heart would ſuffer the greateſt diſ-
" treſs, if he had a thought that he had
" offended."

" Ah! Emmeline! how ſhould you
" know his thoughts?—why are you his
" advocate—torment me no more with
" his name."

Emmeline roſe and replied,—" Can the
" mention

" mention of a ſon once dear to you give
" offence;—pity for him excited my in-
" terceſſion, I beg you will forgive the
" errors of my good intentions, as I re-
" vere him with a ſiſter's regard, and
" have ſo ever ſince I entered your
" houſe."

" If that is all," ſaid Sir Charles, " you
" will not refuſe me what I aſk—I came
" to London ſolely on the account of
" marrying you—the ceremony can be as
" well performed in town, as in the coun-
" try."

" Sir," replied Emmeline, " hitherto
" I have punctually obeyed you in all
" you deſired, this only requeſt excepted,
" which I again repeat, I can never com-
" ply with."

" Emmeline, remember, I come not

" here

"here to be refused;"—and assumed a haughty voice and commanding air.

"Sir, you distress me extremely; I "beseech you add not to my unhappiness "—I must declare the truth, my affec- "tions are otherwise unalterably en- "gaged; therefore pray mention the sub- "ject no more:" then turning from him she walked to the window to conceal her emotions.

Sir Charles was silent.—Mrs. Oakeley observing each so embarrassed, endeavoured to turn the unpleasing subject, by introducing an inquiry of her friends in the country, and other trifles, hoping gradually to dissuade him from what she plainly saw, if he pursued, would render them both miserable all their lives.

In the evening Mrs. Oakeley proposed going

going to the opera—the coach being ordered, the company took their ſeats, namely, Sir Charles Freemore, Mrs. Oakeley, Charlotte, eſcorted by Lord Harkland, and Emmeline.

In their way to the boxes, they met Lord Bellville, who paid a ſlight compliment to Miſs Oakeley; then taking Emmeline's hand, aſked permiſſion to hand her to a ſeat;—ſhe ſilently complied. The ardour pictured on his Lordſhip's countenance on this occaſion did not paſs unobſerved by Sir Charles; he watched her looks minutely, and fancied ſhe was pleaſed with his attention, as ſhe was often buſy in diſcourſe with him.

He now imagined Lord Bellville was the favoured rival, and forgot his ſuſpicions of Alfred, but reſolved to keep her from appearing in company in future.

The

The jealous breaſt of Charlotte was diſtracted to ſee her lover ſo aſſiduous to the perſon ſhe now hated more than ever. Tired of the amuſement, and diſpleaſed with every thing about her, ſhe could with difficulty refrain the anger ſhe bore the unſuſpecting Emmeline. Lord Harkland was alſo uneaſy; but Miſs Oakeley thinking ſhe ſhould ſoon be freed from her, flattered herſelf that his Lordſhip ſtill entertained a paſſion for her, and when Emmeline was gone, he would renew his addreſſes.

Next morning Sir Charles made inquiries of his niece, concerning the Earl.—ſhe replied, "to be ſincere, ſir, I really "believe Emmeline intends to marry "him; it has been mentioned in many "companies, and now is the general "topic

" topic of converſation, but many
" at the idea of his Lordſhip's ma
" a girl with no relations at all;
" ſimple, ignorant country being,
" whole fortune is merely the bou
" a charitable lady."

Sir Charles was vexed at the ind
obſervations on the orphan ſtate o
meline, and ſaid, " but, my dear
" are miſtaken, and you have p
" forgot, what I think I have told
" for what Emmeline poſſeſſes I
" to be her own, and the charit
" mention, which is, I ſuppoſe, the c
" and garden, I imagine it was pur
" with her own money; and if ſhe
" led a country girl, ſhe is an amiabl
" the principles of her heart hav
" been perverted by London follie

" faſ

"faſhions. Why ſhould thoſe who live "in the country, either from choice or "neceſſity, be ſcoffed at by thoſe who "prefer London?—I have that property "in my poſſeſſion that will raiſe her "above the ſneers of the world, and "many, who pay little regard to her "now, would, if acquainted with ſome "circumſtances, think themſelves ho-"nored by her preſence and friendſhip.— "*Charity!—indeed!*"

By the warmth with which Sir Charles eſpouſed Emmeline's cauſe, Miſs Oakeley feared ſhe had gone too far; her only deſign had been for him to take Emmeline from London; therefore, dexterouſly brought the diſcourſe into its original channel,—that of Emmeline's marriage with Lord Bellville.

The

The idea of ſuch an union ſerved to inflame him the more.—To take her to his own houſe, was putting her in the way of Alfred:—to leave her where ſhe was, ſhe was expoſed to the addreſſes of his Lordſhip, and the contemptuous treatment of Miſs Oakeley, whoſe ſlighting manner of ſpeaking of Emmeline had highly offended him.

He found it impoſſible to put a force on her inclinations ſo ſoon as he wiſhed, as ſhe had refuſed an alliance with him, and acknowledged her affections were otherwiſe engaged.

Thus perplexed, he knew not how to proceed, he thought if he could ſettle her in the country, ſomewhere ſecure from all acquaintance, ſhe might be brought to return his paſſion:—he recollected a lady whoſe

whoſe daughter had been brought up with great care, while her mother was abroad. —he thought of applying to her.

Accordingly he paid Mrs. Hervey a viſit, who, by good fortune, was at home; he ſoon informed her of the buſineſs he came upon, and obtained a direction to Mrs. Walcot, at Stanmore, the lady who had paid ſuch regard to her daughter's education.

He thanked her.—He was elated:—Stanmore was not far diſtant—there he ordered to be drove;—ſaw Mrs. Walcot, and approved the ſituation, but deſired, the young lady he brought there, might be kept retired from all people, as he had reaſon to fear ſhe was on the point of forming an improper alliance, and he would amply ſatisfy her for her care.

Mrs.

Mrs. Walcot aſſured him he ſhould be obeyed, and he returned to London, far more happy than when he left it; and pretending very material buſineſs called him home ſo ſoon, ordered Emmeline to get every thing ready for her journey, early the next morning.

Mrs. Oakeley was very ſorry to part with her, and Charlotte expreſſed a concern, very foreign to the true feelings of her heart. Emmeline was diſtreſſed at parting with her friends, but the idea of ſoon ſeeing her beloved Alfred, baniſhed every other care.—The next morning ſhe took an affectionate leave of them, and bade adieu to London.

Emmeline ſoon perceived the road they were going, was not that, by which they entered London, but at preſent did not inquire

inquire the reaſon. However, when they came within a few miles of her deſtined habitation, he acquainted her with his intentions.

It is impoſſible to deſcribe her amazement. She now believed herſelf to be loſt to Alfred for ever, was unacquainted with the name of the place where ſhe was going, a ſtranger to the perſon ſhe was to be intruſted with, and deſtitute of friends, tears fell from her eyes, and ſhe earneſtly implored permiſſion to return to Auburn Hall, but in vain.

While they were diſcourſing, the carriage ſtopped at the gate of Mrs. Walcot's manſion; they alighted, and he preſented her to Mrs. Walcot, who haſtened to receive her; after ſeeing her to the apartment deſigned for her, he took his leave.

Emmeline for a few days was abſorbed in grief, the chearfulneſs of the ſituation (it being now a fine ſpring) could not invite her to look from her window—the beauties of a fine garden and arbours (encloſed by a high wall) could not tempt her to quit her room. She imagined Mrs. Walcot a mercenary being of Sir Charles's, to whom ſhe muſt ſubmit, and be tyranized over, as *she* thought proper! But how eaſy it is to entertain diſadvantageous ideas, eſpecially when the mind is afflicted!

Mrs. Walcot was the reverſe—ſhe was the widow of a clergyman of good family, whoſe death left her in poſſeſſion of a valuable eſtate; ſhe had had many ſuitors, but being remarkably fond of her worthy huſband, had rejected all offers, though

she was not quite thirty years of age when he died.

She had received a liberal education, and to cheer the solitude of her widowed hours, chose for amusement, the instruction of a few young ladies, being thoroughly capable of the charge. She had seldom more than four, and very often but two,—her only wish was for company.

Emmeline soon perceived the injustice her unfavourable ideas had done this amiable woman, and secretly chided her errors, being grieved that she should entertain a suspicion of any one unworthy of their real merit. She was very sorry she could not be favoured with more of her company, but found by the maid that attended her, that Mrs. Walcot passed the day principally with Miss Seymour, another

ther young lady who boarded there, and was that afternoon going out in Miſs Seymour's carriage.

"How!" ſaid Emmeline, "is Miſs "Seymour allowed her own attendants "in this houſe?"

The ſervant replied, "Miſs Seymour's "friends are not in England—ſhe has "been very ill, and is remarkably melan- "choly.—My miſtreſs cannot by any "means raiſe her ſpirits, ſhe hates the "idea of going out, but her phyſician "preſcribes air and exerciſe; Mrs. Wal- "cot, in obedience to his order, is obliged "to force her abroad, or I verily believe "ſhe would never attempt to move out "herſelf, ſhe is of ſuch a recluſe way of "mind."

Emmeline was ſtruck with the account

of this young lady, and could not ſuppreſs the deſire of her company and acquaintance; her heart was charged with ſorrow, and Miſs Seymour was melanlancholy—ſhe thought that converſation would make each leſs uneaſy.

While Emmeline was waiting at the window, ſhe ſaw the carriage enter the great gates. Curioſity tempted her to ſee the young ſtranger; it was not long before Mrs. Walcot and Miſs Seymour appeared, the latter was very negligently dreſſed, but her beauty and apparent ſorrow at once excited the admiration and ſympathetic tear of Miſs Wilſon.

Mrs. Walcot obſerving Emmeline, made a reſpectful courteſy, the young lady alſo caſt a look towards her, and for a moment ſeemed loſt in thought, then bowed, and

covering

covering her face with her handkerchief, ſtepped into the carriage, which drove away.

When Mrs. Walcot returned, ſhe viſited Emmeline, and informed her of the confuſion and uneaſineſs her appearance had thrown Miſs Seymour into.

" I am very ſorry, madam, if I have " made her uneaſy; but cannot imagine " how."

" I will tell you what I think," ſaid Mrs. Walcot, " I am inclined to believe " it ariſes from the ſtriking reſemblance " exiſting between you and a kinſman of " her's; for whom, I am afraid, ſhe re- " grets, more than for the abſence of an " indulgent parent."

Emmeline ſighed, for ſhe thought of her abſent Alfred, and ſaid, " if Miſs

"Seymour would honor me with her ac-
"quaintance—I am not very happy my-
"ſelf—perhaps ſpeaking of thoſe troubles
"that make us uneaſy, may alleviate the
"ſadneſs that hangs on the mind."

Mrs. Walcot replied, "Miſs Seymour
"refuſes to converſe with any body, and
"if ſhe was ever ſo agreeable, I have
"orders from Sir Charles that you ſhall
"ſpeak to no one but myſelf, and the
"maid that attends you."

"I am anſwered, madam: I will not
"aſk what it is your duty to deny, nor
"will I diſobey him, but it is a cruelty to
"be thus perſecuted."

This reply called for an explanation, which Emmeline, without heſitation, gratified, from the death of her mother (ſo ſhe ſtiled Mrs. Wilſon) to the preſent time.

Mrs.

Mrs. Walcot was amazed, but dinner coming in, put a period to their converſation at that time.

A few days had elapſed, when, on a fine moon-light evening, Emmeline intreated permiſſion to walk for an airing in the garden; the requeſt was too ſmall for a refuſal. After walking ſeveral times round, thinking of Alfred, who was perpetually in her mind, ſhe, with penſive ſteps, approached one of the arbours, without obſerving that any perſon was there before her, and taking Alfred's picture from her boſom, printed a kiſs on his ſenſeleſs repreſentation.

"Alas!" ſaid ſhe, as ſhe ſeated herſelf on the bench, "my Alfred! were it poſ-"ſible for you to know what I ſuffer, on "your account, ſure you would fly to

" relieve me from this confinement, which " though in ſome reſpects agreeable, is " ſeverely embittered by this cruel ſepa- " ration." As ſhe ſpoke, the tears trickled down her cheeks, and ſhe ſat a monument of ſorrow, till rouſed by a voice which, in the moſt ſoothing accents, thus addreſſed her:—

" Fair ſtranger ceaſe to grieve, my " ſorrows can equal your's, and I am in- " clined to think bears a ſimilitude. I " came to this arbour to ſigh in ſecret, " till I overheard your apparent concern, " which taught me to forget my own."

Emmeline lifted her head to obſerve who it was that ſpake to her ſo kind, and to her ſurpriſe found it was Miſs Seymour.

They ſat converſing ſome time together, till

till the ſervant who attended Miſs Seymour came to inform her ſupper was ready; upon which ſhe requeſted Emmeline would favor her with her company: the invitation being accepted, they walked in doors.

After ſupper, Miſs Seymour intimated a deſire of knowing the cauſe of Emmeline's uneaſineſs, who immediately gratified her wiſh. Miſs Seymour wept at the recital, which ſeemed in many inſtances affecting; and the night being pretty far advanced, Emmeline retired, but entreated Miſs Seymour would dine with her the next day in *her* apartment: ſhe promiſed ſhe would not fail.

CHAP. VIII.

She never told her love;
But let concealment like a worm i'the bud,
Prey on her damask cheek.———

THE next day Miſs Seymour viſited Emmeline, for whom ſhe conceived a particular friendſhip and affection, and Emmeline felt an equal regard for her. Soon after dinner was removed, Miſs Wilſon expreſſed a wiſh of hearing Miſs Seymour's ſtory, if ſhe would favor her with an account; the latter ſaid there was nothing material to mention, any more than that ſhe could not help being unhappy. Emmeline obſerved ſhe could not refrain tears, and

and again aſked, with her uſual engaging ſoftneſs, ſaying, "You may be leſs, but "cannot be more diſtreſſed, for I always "think ſorrows, when related, loſe ſome of "their ſeverity;—I told you mine, and "aſſure you, I feel my heart more at "eaſe."

Miſs Seymour inſtantly complied, ſaying, "That look is ſo engaging, and ſo "like an amiable relation of mine, it "amounts to a command, and I no longer "refuſe.

"You muſt pardon me, for what to you "will appear trivial; your's were misfor- "tunes, but mine may be called fancied "ills, they originated in giving way to an "early affection, which I have never been "able to eraſe.

"Sir Francis Seymour, my father, died

" when I was very young, leaving my " mother with two children, a brother " named Francis, and myſelf; I am called " Selina.

" My brother was four years older than " me, and at a proper age was ſent to the " Univerſity, where a firſt couſin alſo was.

" My mother had ſeveral advantageous " offers propoſed to her, being left a wi- " dow at the age of twenty ſix, but the " extreme regard ſhe had for her children, " would not permit her to enter again the " marriage ſtate.

" Her fondneſs for me induced her to " have me brought up under her imme- " diate inſpection; ſhe had maſters to " teach me every accompliſhment that " could be learnt at home. When I at- " tained my ſeventeenth year, I was intro-

" duced

" duced in almoſt every company, viſited
" all public amuſements, had a number of
" admirers, ſeveral, I may ſay, were ami-
" able, and might excite a paſſion in any
" breaſt but mine, which was really inſen-
" ſible to the voice of love.

" At that time my uncle, Lord Mande-
" ville, left England, he being in the
" army; his troops were ordered for foreign
" ſervice; my dear aunt having been dead
" ſeveral years; and that Chriſtmas, his
" ſon and my brother, came to London to
" my mother's, to paſs the holidays.

" My couſin Horace was nineteen years
" of age; perhaps you may accuſe me of
" partiality when I ſay he was the moſt
" handſome and accompliſhed gentleman
" I ever beheld; his figure was tall and
" elegant, his converſation ſenſible and
" engaging.

" engaging. I felt a ſecret pleaſure in his " company, was never happy but when he " was at home, and no public place af- " forded me any amuſement, if he did not " attend me there.

" I now delighted to viſit every aſſem- " bly if he accompanied me, becauſe I " thought his preſence kept me from the " unwelcome addreſſes of thoſe who pro- " feſſed themſelves my admirers. I found " I eſteemed him greatly, but fancied the " tie of relationſhip was all, but ſoon " found the aſcendency he held in my " heart, which I determined to oppoſe.

" By endeavouring to eſtrange myſelf " from an affection already too predomi- " nant for my peace, I fell ill: my indiſ- " poſition confined me ſome time, during " which, he with my brother returned to " the Univerſity.

" When

" When I recovered, how reſolutely I
" thought to abandon all thoughts of my
" amiable couſin. I again viſited all pub-
" lic places, where I ſoon drew the atten-
" tion of Colonel Aubert, who profeſſed a
" ſtrong attachment to me; finding me
" rather averſe, he applied to Lady Sey-
" mour. She had beheld my indifference
" to all others, often accuſed me of inſen-
" ſibility, and now thought only of the
" advantageous offer propoſed, therefore
" gave her conſent.

" The Colonel was a middle aged man,
" with no one quality to engage, except
" his immenſe riches; he had ſerved many
" years in the Eaſt Indies, where he had
" amaſſed a vaſt fortune, which made me
" envied by many ladies, who wiſhed him,
" or rather his fortune, their own. But

" riches

" riches had no attractions for me, and I
" deſpiſed the idea of a union with a man
" I could not love.

" However, as Lady Seymour eſteemed
" him, my indifference allowed him to
" paſs for my intended huſband, and be-
" ing abſent from Horace Mandeville, I
" endeavoured to place my affections on
" the man my mother approved.

" One morning, while we were at break-
" faſt, the Colonel being of the party, we
" were ſuddenly ſurpriſed with the unex-
" pected appearance of my couſin Man-
" deville, who, on entering, darted a look
" at me, and fixed an angry eye on the
" Colonel.

" My heart beat violently; his arrival
" being ſo unexpected, and the confuſion
" he excited, deprived me of the power of
welcoming

" welcoming him to town. Lady Sey-
" mour demanded the cauſe of his coming
" to town without previous notice, he re-
" plied, ' Urgent buſineſs, madam, which
" I wiſh to ſee ſettled myſelf.'

" This ſatisfied us, and accounted for
" his ſudden arrival. He ſoon after took
" his leave, ſaying he had to meet ſome
" friends, and begged to decline Lady
" Seymour's invitation to dinner.

" My mother wondered at the haſte he
" appeared in,—I was equally ſurpriſed.

" In the evening ſhe was engaged out,
" I deſired to ſtay at home, though the
" Colonel joined in perſuading me to ac-
" company them; but I ſtill refuſed, and
" they went without me. In fact, my
" couſin had ſo agitated my mind, that I
" was totally unfit for company; and I

was

" was quite uneasy and angry with myself
" for suffering a thought of him to intrude
" on the serenity I enjoyed a few hours
" before his arrival.

" They had not been gone above an
" hour, when my maid announced the
" return of Mr. Mandeville. I was greatly
" alarmed, and rose to receive him, but
" trembled so when he pressed my hand
" and tenderly inquired after my health,
" that he could evidently perceive the
" agitation his presence threw me into.

" I begged him to be seated, and de-
" manded the cause of his journey to Lon-
" don; to my astonishment he replied,
" 'the cause, Selina, is yourself; the news
" reached Oxford that you was going to
" be married; I could not sustain the
" thought, and came to London to pre-
" vent

" vent it if poſſible; for my dear couſin,
" I feel the certainty of being unable to
" ſupport life, if you conſent to be the wife
" of another.'

" This declaration ſurpriſed me; 'You
" are not in earneſt ſurely, Horace? have
" you heard of Colonel Aubert's attach-
" ment to me?'

" 'I have,' he replied, 'the thought is
" madneſs; for which reaſon, I determined
" to tell you my affection, and that every
" happineſs on earth will be denied me,
" if you are his wife.'

" 'Upon my word, couſin, you amaze
" me; this whim ſince your return to
" Oxford is unaccountable; when here
" at Chriſtmas you never entertained a
" thought of me—why are you now ſo
" aſſiduous in making me miſerable, per-
" haps for life?'

" He

" He was diſtreſſed at the queſtion, " his boſom ſwelled with anxiety; he ſat " down, and fixing his eyes full on me, " ſaid, ' Thank heaven, Selina, your bo- " ſom is unacquainted with thoſe ſoul- " rending pangs, which invades the breaſt " that throbs with doubtful hope—if you " did, you could not appear ſo indiffe- " rent.

" ' Why,—why did you keep ſilent ſo " long?' I replied, ' my promiſe is given, " in obedience to Lady Seymour's com- " mands, though it grieves me to confeſs " I have no affection for Colonel Aubert.'

" ' Oh! hear me, Selina! I imagined " myſelf diſliked, and was unwilling to " diſoblige you with declaring my paſſion.'

" I was unable to reply; I remained ſi- " lent, and was extremely confuſed. He

" obſerved

" obſerved it, and continued, 'It is to ſue
" for a return of affection that induced me
" to come to London; let me, my dear
" Selina, beg you will not treat the pureſt
" paſſion that ever exiſted in a human be-
" ing with indifference; but conſider be-
" fore you pronounce my fate.'

" 'Couſin,' ſaid I, 'I am young, and
" unacquainted with the paſſion you ſpeak
" of. I alſo aſſure you, I never liked the
" Colonel; he is Lady Seymour's choice,
" and I wiſh to make her happy in my obe-
" dience. The time is not yet fixed for
" our marriage, nor have I any wiſh to haſ-
" ten it. I deſire you will keep this a ſe-
" cret from your aunt, for if ſhe knew it, I
" am confident ſhe would be very angry.'

" 'Give me leave to hope, Selina; for
" you ſay you diſlike the Colonel; what

" folly

" folly or madneſs will you be guilty of, if
" you marry a man you acknowledge you
" cannot love!—think, timely think! how
" miſerable that life muſt be, conſtrained
" to honor and oblige a perſon, who, as
" you now diſlike, will every day be more
" odious to you. The Colonel is im-
" menſely rich—will riches create happi-
" neſs or content?—can all the wealth of
" India purchaſe love?—no, Selina, ſuffer
" not your good ſenſe to yield to ſuch a
" wretched illuſion, but conſider before
" you are numbered with the many, who
" raſhly have married in hopes that riches
" would make all things eaſy—but in a
" very ſhort time have found how errone-
" ous was their expectations, and judge of
" the miſery of ſuch a union.'

" Mr. Mandeville's arguments poſſeſſed
" a charm,

" a charm, I believe, that ſeemed to awaken
" every ſenſe, and brought ideas till then
" I was a ſtranger to; I ſhuddered at the
" thought: I ſaw the miſery to which I was
" going to conſign myſelf, by tacitly yield-
" ing my hand to Colonel Aubert, who my
" heart had always conſidered with indif-
" ference. I knew not what to ſay, but
" begged he would decline the diſcourſe,
" as it made me very uneaſy, and aſſured
" him Colonel Aubert would not be my
" huſband ſo ſoon as he imagined.

" A loud knock at the door led me to
" believe Lady Seymour was returned, I
" was too much diſturbed by Mr. Mande-
" ville's converſation, to meet her without
" diſcovering the emotion it had raiſed;
" but to my extreme ſatisfaction, it was a
" young lady who paſſed the remainder of
" the

" the evening with us, and continued till
" my mother came home.

" Next morning, Lady Seymour jeſt-
" ingly interrogated him concerning his
" remarkable buſineſs, ' Some love affair,'
" ſaid ſhe, ' I have not a doubt of it; the
" gentlemen of the Univerſity form fine
" engagements during their vocation, it
" would make their friends very uneaſy, I
" am inclined to think, if they knew all.'

" ' The engagements I have formed,
" madam, I ſeek not to deny to any of my
" friends, if they think proper to make the
" inquiry.' My mother appeared vexed,
" ſhe ſaid no more. Mr. Mandeville ſtaid
" dinner, and then returned poſt to Ox-
" ford.

" My couſin in a few months left the
" Univerſity, and went to reſide at Wood-
" ville

" ville Abbey, near Glouceſter, ſituated on
" the pleaſant banks of the Severn. It
" was the family manſion, and he gave us
" an invitation which we accepted, and
" gladly embraced the opportunity of re-
" viſiting a place we had been ſo long a
" ſtranger to; for ſince the death of my
" aunt, and Lord Mandeville's abſence
" abroad, the abbey had been in a manner
" deſerted.

" I muſt inform you, that after my cou-
" ſin's declaration of his love, it is needleſs
" for me to ſay with what indifference I
" looked on Colonel Aubert, yet he had
" Lady Seymour's ſanction; and I could
" not poſitively declare my diſapproba-
" tion, becauſe I valued her too much to
" diſoblige her.

" My impatience to ſee my couſin,

"and free myſelf from the preſence of "Colonel Aubert, made me delighted "with the idea of going to Woodville "Abbey, and the next week we ſet out for "that place.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

We of ourſelves can neither love nor hate,
Heaven ſtill reſerves the power to guide our fate.

"MR. MANDEVILLE had many op-
" portunities of addreſſing me, and impor-
" tuning a return of affection.—I believed
" him ſincere, and after we had been a
" ſhort time at Woodville Abbey, ex-
" changed our mutual vows.

" I will paſs over a recital of the happi-
" neſs I experienced in his company; for
" love ſtories appear very inſipid to thoſe
" who are not concerned; but I muſt ac-
" knowledge, I returned to London with
" regret: and aſſure you, I thought it the

" ſevereſt moment of my life, that carried
" me from Woodville Abbey, to the hated
" preſence of Colonel Aubert. But Mr.
" Mandeville promiſed to make the time
" paſs leſs inſupportable by regularly cor-
" reſponding by letter, declaring he ſhould
" viſit town very ſoon, and, if poſſible,
" prevail on his aunt to conſent to our
" marriage.

" No being on earth ſeemed ſo odious
" in my eyes, as the Colonel, and my diſ-
" like to him encreaſed to that extent, that
" I refuſed to attend Lady Seymour in her
" viſits, leſt I ſhould meet him. My
" ſpirits ſoon became unuſually depreſſed,
" and I ſeldom quitted my room: whilſt
" Lady Seymour wondered at the cauſe of
" my melancholy and apparent uneaſineſs,
" and I continued diſſatisfied with every

" thing

" thing till Mr. Mandeville arrived in
" town.

" The ſudden tranſition from ſadneſs to
" joy Lady Seymour could not help ob-
" ſerving. She was convinced my couſin
" was the object,—our firſt interview ve-
" rified her ſuſpicions.—He expreſſed how
" glad he was to ſee me, and what he had
" endured in my abſence. My mother
" looked diſpleaſed, Mr. Mandeville ob-
" ſerved it, and turning to her ſaid, 'Par-
" don me, dear aunt, but Selina is ſo dear
" to me, that I ſhould ſpeak falſe if I ſaid,
" I had experienced a moment's happineſs
" ſince ſhe left Woodville Abbey.'

" Lady Seymour did not know what to
" make of this, and with remarkable ſeri-
" ouſneſs ſhe replied, 'I hope, my dear,
" you do not feel that partiality to your
" couſin you expreſs.'

" 'Madam,' ſaid he, 'were it poſſible " for you to read my heart, you might " ſatisfy your doubts,—Selina reigns tri- " umphant there.'

" 'Now, Horace, you offend me,' ſhe " replied, 'you come, I fear, to diſturb " her repoſe; you are not unacquainted " with her attachment to Colonel Aubert, " my conſent to their union is paſt—ſee " how your behaviour alarms her; I de- " ſire you will baniſh all thoughts of her " in future, and let me hear of this ſilly " paſſion no more, if you have been ſo " indiſcreet to harbour ſuch an abſurd " thought.'

" Mr. Mandeville was ſilent,—he ſaw " her angry, and deferred a further decla- " ration till he found her in a humour to " liſten to him.

" Whilſt

" Whilſt he remained in town, my mo-
" ther took care that he ſhould never
" ſpeak to me alone, nor ever permitted
" me to attend any amuſement but with
" her, or Colonel Aubert, hoping, doubt-
" leſs, to remove all thoughts of Mr. Man-
" deville from my mind; which he ob-
" ſerving, made his viſit much ſhorter than
" was firſt intended, and after taking a
" very affectionate farewell of me, returned
" to Woodville Abbey.

" As ſoon as he was gone, I grew me-
" lancholy, and again confined myſelf to
" my room, from whence no perſuaſions
" could draw me, unleſs for an airing,
" when abſolutely neceſſary.

" Lady Seymour was diſpleaſed; I no
" longer ſcrupled to declare my diſappro-
" bation of the Colonel. She ſaid I was

" capricious and romantic—assured me
" I could not break the engagement she
" had consented to, that when I was mar-
" ried I should think better of it, and
" thank her for the care she had taken
" for my interest.—I could not reply
" without offending, therefore remained
" silent.

" One day, while I was sitting in my
" chamber, Lady Seymour suddenly came
" up, and found me weeping over my cou-
" sin's portrait. She began to fear a reci-
" procal affection existed between us, and
" taking it from me, said, 'Selina, I fear
" you love your cousin too well to com-
" ply with my wish, and the Colonel's ad-
" dresses.'

" I replied, 'My dear madam, if it is a
" fault in us, it is one you must excuse;

" Mr.

" Mr. Mandeville is too amiable to be
" looked on with indifference,—to be ac-
" quainted with his merit, affection muſt
" follow of courſe.'

" Lady Seymour endeavoured to per-
" ſuade me from what ſhe called a fooliſh
" attachment, and we parted, each diſſatis-
" fied with the other.

" An invitation now came from my
" brother who reſided at our country
" reſidence—for my mother, myſelf
" and Colonel Aubert, to paſs the au-
" unm with him at Seymour Hall. I
" intreated Colonel Aubert might not
" be of the party.—Lady Seymour in-
" ſiſted my brother's requeſt ſhould be
" obeyed—beſides, how ill it would be
" treating the Colonel, if we ſuppreſſed
" the invitation. I told her, I had taken

" an opportunity of telling the Colonel
" I did not approve of the intended alli-
" ance. Lady Seymour ſaid I made my-
" ſelf appear truly ridiculous, but my
" ſtupidity ſhould not make Colonel Au-
" bert have the ſame opinion of her—and
" declared ſhe had not a doubt but I
" would alter my mind when we were to-
" gether at Seymour Hall.

" In a few days we ſet out for that
" place.

" Lady Seymour made no ſcruple of
" letting me walk out with the Colonel,
" (though greatly againſt my inclination,)
" with the hope I imagine to remove the
" indifference I had for him.—Finding
" Lady Seymour would pay but little at-
" tention to what I ſaid, as her heart
" ſeemed fixed on my marriage with

" Colonel

" Colonel Aubert, I thought of ſpeaking
" to him, believing it impoſſible he could
" wiſh to marry a perſon who declared
" ſhe had no regard for him—but ſo it
" was, the Colonel expreſſed a total diſre-
" gard of whether I eſteemed him or not,
" he had Lady Seymour's acquieſence he
" ſaid, and expected mine to follow of
" courſe.

" I endeavoured to reaſon with him,
" telling him I thought it far preferable
" not to marry, than to enter that ſtate
" and be unhappy all our lives, ' for, ſaid I,
" there can be no happineſs, where there
" is no love.'

" ' But riches,' ſaid the Colonel, ' will
" inſure it, if people are not happy at
" home, money will purchaſe it abroad,—
" a vortex of diſſipation, when the means

" are not wanting to ſupport it, and plea-
" ſures that can only be gratified by
" wealth, will make us happy,—I'll try
" the event.'

" ' Your ideas and mine, ſir, ſo intirely
" diſagree,' ſaid I, with diſdain, ' that I
" aſſure you, I never will enter into ſuch a
" wretched life,—ſo I wiſh you a good
" morning.' I then left him, and returned
" home alone,—vexed to think the man
" my mother approved could entertain
" ſuch horrid ideas."

" A few mornings after, I was walking
" out alone, and about half a mile from
" the Hall, obſerved a carriage waiting—
" I thought it ſtrange, but imagining it
" did not concern me, took no further
" notice of it.—I was ſoon joined by
" Colonel Aubert, he looked unuſually
" cheerful,

" cheerful, and jeſtingly aſked if my ideas
" of happineſs were the ſame as I ex-
" preſſed a few mornings ago?

" 'They have ſuffered no alteration,
" ſir,' was my reply.

" 'Nor has mine,' ſaid he, 'and yet I
" think I ſhall be very happy,' taking my
" hand, and putting it under his arm—
" then continued in converſation that
" gave me great offence.

" As we drew near the carriage which
" was open, I obſerved we were followed
" by two ſervants in livery—the reaſon I
" ſoon diſcovered, for they came and
" aſſiſted the Colonel to lift me into the
" carriage,—I endeavoured to free myſelf,
" but in vain—my heart ſunk in my boſom
" with dread, I had ſcarce ſtrength to
" ſpeak,—a loud ſhriek was all I could
" utter,

" utter, and fortune providentially pre-
" ſented a deliverer from the Colonel's
" baſe intentions. It was Mr. Mande-
" ville." ' Hold villains!' exclaimed he,
" ' I charge you Colonel Aubert to releaſe
" Miſs Seymour, or my ſword ſhall pierce
" your heart.'

" This uttered in a commanding tone,
" made the ſervants quit me, and Colonel
" Aubert trembled in Mr. Mandeville's
" preſence. I was ſo overcome with
" fright that I fell ſenſeleſs on the ground,
" —how long I remained in this ſtate of
" inſenſibility I cannot ſay, but when I
" recovered, found myſelf ſupported in the
" friendly arms of Mr. Mandeville.

" ' How greatly ought I to be obliged to
" you,' ſaid I—' I can but thank you,—
" my heart is already your's.—Where is
" Colonel Aubert?'

" Aſk

"'Aſk me not for ſuch a wretch,—if "you value me, no more profane your "tongue with ſuch a villain's name.—If "he has courage to meet me according "to his promiſe, I will revenge this "inſult.'

"So ſaying he conducted me home.

"My mother was abſent when we ar- "rived, but my brother was ſurpriſed to "ſee my couſin in that part of the coun- "try, he begged him to walk in and paſs "the day.—Mr. Mandeville politely re- "fuſed, ſaying, that *his* and *Selina's* in- "ſults would paſs unrevenged if he did "not return immediately—therefore beg- "ged Sir Francis to attend him, and he "would inform him by the way.

"As ſoon as they were gone, I retired to my chamber, where the dreadful idea

"of

" of my brother, or Mr. Mandeville's
" danger, furniſhed me with ſufficient
" grief for the remainder of the day, and
" I was in bed before ſhe returned.

" My heart was harrowed with the
" moſt alarming conjectures; I could not
" imagine the reaſon of my brother's not
" returning, nor had any intelligence ar-
" rived to alleviate the dreadful anxiety
" that oppreſſed me.

" Lady Seymour wondered at my un-
" eaſineſs—the tormenting doubts that
" filled my boſom made me incapable
" of giving the information ſhe wiſhed;
" but while we were ſpeaking my brother
" entered my apartment.—His look was
" ſufficient to pronounce all I dreaded
" had happened.'

" ' For God's ſake!' exclaimed Lady
Seymour,

" Seymour, ' what is the matter?—why " look you ſo diſtreſſed?—why are you " both ſo alarmed?'

" He replied, ' the Colonel is a villain!'

" ' My dear brother,' ſaid I, ' eaſe the " torment I endure,—tell me—tell me— " how is Mr. Mandeville?'

" ' Ah! Selina, I dread to afflict you— " ſtrive my dear ſiſter to be compoſed and " reſigned to what may follow.—Mr. " Mandeville is dangerouſly wounded.'

" I heard no more—terror overcame " me, and I fainted away."

" When I recovered, I was exceeding " anxious to know the particulars of what " had happened, though they intreated " me to be ſilent and compoſed, but the " agony of mind I endured could not ad- " mit of perſuaſion. Sir Francis related

" the

" the Colonel's baſeneſs to my mother,
" her aſtoniſhment is beyond my abilities
" to pourtray. I eagerly aſked in what
" ſtate he left Mr. Mandeville.—He re-
" plied, 'he is taken to a ſurgeon's, but I
" am grieved to ſay, it is not expected he
" will ſurvive till morning.—Colonel Au-
" bert is equally hurt, and acknowledged
" the juſtice of our worthy couſin; he
" confeſſed, he deſigned to take you away
" by force, but begs you will forgive him,
" as he does not expect to live.'

" All my fears were now realized.—Mr.
" Mandeville's danger threw me into a
" violent fever; the next morning I was
" quite delirious, and continued in that
" ſtate, as I have been ſince informed, for
" three weeks, when the fury of my ill-
" neſs abated, and the firſt perſon I diſ-

" covered

" covered after my recovery was Mr.
" Mandeville, ſitting in an arm chair
" by my bedſide—a ſight which diſ-
" treſſed, and pleaſed me, as I now be-
" lieved he was out of danger, though not
" able to walk acroſs the room without
" aſſiſtance.

" I had ſcarce power to inquire after his
" health, and his viſible concern hindered
" him from ſpeaking to me; he faintly
" ſaid, ' I am happy Selina to ſee you
" once more a little better,—I hope your
" danger is paſſed.'

" ' And I,' ſaid I, ' am equally rejoiced,
" as I believe you are recovering from
" your late misfortune, but am extremely
" ſorry, that I was the fatal cauſe.'

" ' It was a cauſe Selina, in which I
" would have loſt my life to revenge the
" inſult,

" inſult, therefore beg you will ceaſe to " lament on that account."

" Finding me ſtill very unfit for con- " verſation, and fearing it might make me " worſe, he took a ſlight farewell and re- " tired, leaving me to enjoy a little re- " poſe, he imagined I ſtood in need of.

" I inquired of my attendant how he " came there, but ſhe refuſed to inform " me, and told me not to talk.—On my " interrogating her again, I received no " anſwer at all; this was very mortifying, " but I was obliged to be ſilent.

" About an hour after, my mother en- " tered, and with a moſt affectionate con- " cern, aſked how I was.—The voice I " had been ſometime a ſtranger to, but it " cheered me, and I thanked her with " fervour.—She embraced me, and deſired

" I would

" I would be careful of my health, and not
" ſtrive to make too rapid a progreſs in
" my recovery, leſt I ſhould relapſe.

" I continued about a fortnight longer
" in my chamber, during which time I
" received another viſit from Mr. Man-
" deville, when I was able to ſit up.—He
" informed me, that Lady Seymour, learn-
" ing his exteme danger and the cauſe,
" took every poſſible care for his recovery,
" and ſent expreſs for the moſt eminent
" of the faculty; ſhe wiſhed to have him
" home, but finding her deſire could not
" be complied with, without the immedi-
" ate hazard of his life,—he was obliged
" to remain where he was till out of dan-
" ger, when he was removed to Seymour
" Hall, and every care taken to reſtore
" him.

" This

"This gave me infinite satisfaction, "and contributed greatly towards my re- "covery,—in the course of the next week "I was able to walk in the garden, or ride "out in the air.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Reaſon and love, I know could ne'er agree,
Both would command, and both ſuperior be,
One muſt be diſobeyed; and ſhall I prove,
A rebel to my reaſon, or to love?

"WHEN we returned to London, "my mother preſſed Mr. Mandeville to "accompany us, but he refuſed, ſaying, "'Your goodneſs will excuſe me; my "affairs at home muſt be in ſad diſorder "during this long abſence.—I ſhall return "to Woodville Abbey, and as ſpeedily "as poſſible will do myſelf the pleaſure of "viſiting you in London.'

"When we arrived in town, Lady Sey- "mour's too viſible concern at our attach- "ment

" ment appeared more and more; ſhe
" grew peeviſh, and I thought neglected
" me. Sometimes ſhe would talk about
" my couſin, and ſay, ſhe feared my uncle
" would never conſent to our marriage;
" that though my fortune was very conſi-
" derable, it was nothing adequate to
" Lord Mandeville's expectations; heir
" to a great fortune, and if his couſin, the
" Earl of Harkland, died unmarried,
" (which was very likely,) he would ſuc-
" ceed to that title and eſtate; beſides, ſhe
" knew he was already engaged, with his
" father's approbation, to a lady extremely
" rich.

" This to me was very unwelcome
" news; I never had heard of ſuch an
" engagement before: I mentioned my
" doubts, Lady Seymour aſſured me it

" was

" was truth, and begged I would make " her and myſelf happy by thinking no " more of Mr. Mandeville.—' Give me " your promiſe, Selina, to endeavour to " conquer this abſurd paſſion, and as you " have often kept your chamber, ſo, to " oblige me, I deſire you will when your " couſin comes to town; it is not neceſ- " ſary that you ſhould ſee him, till I have " made inquiries to my ſatisfaction.'

" In compliance to her wiſh, I gave " the deſired promiſe, though my heart " ſuffered ſeverely by ſo doing.—I could " ſcarce conceal my uneaſineſs from my " mother, who took care to be continually " talking on the ſubject that ſo deeply af- " fected me.

" In a few days Mr. Mandeville arrived " in town. I had fixed the reſolution of

"not seeing him, and, in obedience to "Lady Seymour, did not quit my cham-"ber. She told me he often brought a "Mr. Freemore with him to dine at our "house; I have seen them from my win-"dow, but never spoke to Mr. Freemore, "who is, I imagine, the gentleman you "have mentioned to me.

"One evening, Lady Seymour entered "my room in astonishment, holding a "letter, which she desired me to read—I "did as directed, the contents were:

"Dear Sister, *Paris*, Feb. 7.

"An event has lately happened that "alarms me, tending to something of my "dear daughter, who died in her infancy; "a female servant of Lady Mandeville's, "who once served you, now lies danger-

"ously

" ouſly ill; ſhe has ſomething to com-
" municate, which ſhe ſays will amaze us
" all, and wiſhes to ſee you, declaring ſhe
" cannot die eaſy till we have forgiven her,
" if poſſible.—She refuſes to acquaint me
" till you arrive: haſte then, dear ſiſter,
" as you may ſuppoſe I am all impatience.

" Your immediate compliance will
" confer a laſting obligation on,

" Your affectionate brother,

" H. MANDEVILLE.

" P. S. This expreſs brings a letter to
" my ſon, who is to accompany you."

" The letter ſurpriſed me greatly, I
" aſked if I was to go with her.—' I ſhall
" not ſtay long in Paris,' ſaid ſhe, ' there-
" fore, it can be no pleaſure for you to go
" with me.—I was thinking to leave you

" with Mrs. Walcot; you always eſteemed
" her—I know not a being on earth I
" more reſpect, and who, I am confident,
" will take care and amuſe you.—Or
" ſhould you like to remain here beſt?'

" I thought it prudent to prefer Mrs.
" Walcot, being too young to be left with
" the care of ſervants, and my heart was
" not diſpoſed to entertain much company
" during her abſence. I begged Lady
" Seymour would appoint a truſty ſervant
" to take the care on herſelf—ſhe agreed;
" and next morning I hurried to get every
" thing ready, and, accompanied by her
" Ladyſhip, ſoon arrived here.

" Having forgot ſome jewels which I
" feared might be loſt, I returned to town
" the following day.

" My mother was not at home, but Mr.

" Mandeville

" Mandeville was there preparing for his " journey; I was extremely uneaſy, but " he flew to receive me with tranſport.— " ' Cruel Selina,' ſaid he, ' what have I " done to merit this ſevere treatment? why " have you unkindly abſented yourſelf " from me? what a change—how often " have you proteſted, you never would be " falſe to me.'

" ' It was becauſe I was a ſtranger to " your engagements.—I alſo accuſe you " of unkindneſs: why did you take ſuch " pains to gain my affections, when you " knew your promiſe was given to ano- " ther?'

" ' Another!' exclaimed he, in the moſt " violent emotion, ' for heavens ſake! " Selina, explain your meaning.'

" I then informed him all that had

" paſſed between Lady Seymour and my-
" ſelf.

" 'We are both impoſed on, Selina,'
" he replied, 'it is a ſtory fabricated to
" diſtreſs you.—I plainly perceive I have
" no friend in my aunt; I fly to the beſt
" of fathers, to relieve my anxiety—de-
" pend on me and Lord Mandeville, if I
" live to return from Paris, I will make
" you mine for ever.'

" My apprehenſions were ſilenced; I
" was ſorry I had made him as well as
" myſelf unhappy, by abſenting myſelf in
" compliance to Lady Seymour's requeſt.
" I begged he would forgive the uneaſi-
" neſs I had cauſed him—which was rea-
" dily granted.

" He entreated permiſſion to ſee me
" ſome way on the road, as I appeared in
" haſte.

" haſte. I conſented, when to convince
" me of his truth, ſincerity and affection,
" he urged for a private marriage to put
" every uneaſy doubt from my mind.

" This I could by no means conſent to;
" I knew Lady Seymour's temper, and
" dreaded his father's, believing it better
" to have their free conſent. Mr. Man-
" deville alſo thought it beſt.—He took
" an affectionate farewell, and quitted the
" carriage, juſt as we were in view of Mrs.
" Walcot's friendly walls.

" When I entered the parlour, Lady
" Seymour was waiting to bid me adieu;
" our parting grieved me. I perceived
" ſhe left me with a viſible concern on her
" countenance, and with more tenderneſs
" than I had received from her a great
" while.

"They have been gone above a month,
"and I have not yet heard from them; my
"present melancholy is occasioned by a
"thousand tormenting ideas, all probably
"wrong. I sometimes dread the death of
"my mother is the cause of the delay,—
"or some accident may have happened to
"Mr. Mandeville, which they wish to
"conceal from me,—or may not he, like
"other men, be changeable? his heart
"yielding to the charms of some engaging
"foreigner, may banish the affection he
"had for Selina, and I, alas! being out of
"sight, may also be out of mind?—But
"if either of these suspicions are the cause,
"why am I to be kept a stranger to it?
"sooner or later the truth must come."

"When first I saw you, the striking re-
"semblance you bear to Mr. Mandeville
"made

" made me love you, while I ſpeak to you
" it ſeems as if I were converſing with
" him.—You poſſeſs the ſame fine blue
" eyes, the ſame ſmile adorns your cheek,
" your voice alſo enchants my ear, every
" expreſſion ſeems to ſay, ' I am his own
" image;' were you his ſiſter, the ſimili-
" tude could not be greater.

" As I have ſunk into this melancholy
" habit of mind, my phyſician orders me
" about for the air, to endeavour to make
" me cheerful by the diverſity of things
" with which I am entertained in my ride.
" It is to no effect; every thing ſeems to
" me void of amuſement; in your com-
" pany I think I could be happy, if my
" dulneſs and inſipidity did not make you
" melancholy alſo.—Dare I hope you
" will oblige me with it, as often as con-

"venient?" "Certainly," replied Emmeline, "probably converſation may abate "the uneaſineſs we both experience."

From this period, the ladies were as one; Miſs Seymour never rode out without being accompanied by the amiable Miſs Wilſon, whoſe engaging converſation helped to make Mr. Mandeville's abſence leſs tedious;—on the other hand, Emmeline's concern for Miſs Seymour, contributed to chaſe away many uncomfortable thoughts of Alfred.

It is now time to leave the ladies, and return to Alfred at Auburn Hall, who impatiently waited the return of his father, expecting Emmeline would arrive with him. But what words can convey the diſtreſs he endured, when he ſaw Sir Charles come home alone?

Alfred

Alfred eagerly inquired for Emmeline; Sir Charles replied, in a ſullen tone, "She "is gone!"

"Gone!" exclaimed Alfred, "where "—how, ſir?" "The buſineſs is nei-"ther your's nor mine, I imagine," ſaid Sir Charles; "ſhe is fled with Lord Bell-"ville—married, I think they tell me;" and ſtrove to appear indifferent.

"Oh heaven!" ſaid Alfred, unable to conceal the agony of his heart, "is ſhe "really married, ſir?"

"I cannot conſider it is of any conſe-"quence to you;" ſaid Sir Charles, "for "why ſhould you be concerned?"

"I am extremely concerned," replied Alfred, "no one on earth can be more."

"Let that concern ceaſe," ſaid Sir Charles, burſting into a moſt violent rage;

" I see your aim; I have long suspected it
" —you think to supplant me in Emme-
" line's affections. Hear my declaration,
" —whether Emmeline is married or not,
" immediately renounce all pretensions to
" her, or I shall banish you from my sight
" for ever.—I caution you for your own
" sake, lest I am necessitated to disinherit
" you."

This anger he was not prepared to receive, and was unable to reply, or know how to act between love and duty.—" Renounce her!—heaven forbids the " thought!" said he, as he traversed the room in distress of heart bordering on distraction; then, turning to Sir Charles, said, " What shall I?—what can I do, sir?—" I know you wish to marry the only " person I love: pardon me for saying, I

" am

" am ſure ſhe is not married to Lord Bell-
" ville; I could be bold enough to ſay, I
" could forfeit my life if ſhe was;—for I
" can ſay, ſir, ſhe tenderly loves me. You
" charge me to renounce her,—you will
" be obeyed:—for myſelf I care not, but
" for the lovely Emmeline, I feel every
" pang her heart muſt endure at our ſe-
" paration. By your harſh commands I
" will ſtrive to forget her: therefore allow
" me to ſeek repoſe in another country—
" far abſent, on a diſtant ſhore, her idea I
" will ſtrive to eraſe;—but never ſay I diſ-
" obeyed you, or armed you with cauſe to
" diſinherit me." He then bowing, re-
tired.

Sir Charles began to repent of his raſh-
neſs; but conſidering that Alfred had inti-
mated a deſire of leaving England, he
thought

thought it a happy omen, and his heart rejoiced at a propoſal he knew not how to offer.

Aſhamed of the jealouſy he entertained towards his ſon, and more ſo, that the world, who had hitherto known him to be a worthy character, ſhould have to jeſt and make remarks on the difference between them. He knew Alfred was the idol of the country round,—Emmeline no leſs adored.—He pauſed a while to conſider how to proceed, then haſtily rang the bell, and deſired Alfred to attend.

When Alfred entered the room, he ſaid, "Alfred, I was rather too haſty this afternoon, I could not help it, but am "ſorry we ſhould have any diſpute—learn "to overlook trifles.—I aſſure you, I know "nothing of Emmeline Wilſon;—ſhe is "gone,

" gone, ſome ſay one place, and ſome " another; I am very unhappy.

" You hinted a deſire of leaving this " country: if you have a deſire, go—far " be it from me to hinder you; therefore, " provide yourſelf with every thing you " wiſh, make yourſelf happy, and I am ſo. " —Remember, I forget all that I have " raſhly ſaid, and if you wiſh to go, do " not let me detain you at home."

Alfred bowing, replied, " Now, for the " firſt time, I confeſs I adore the charm- " ing Emmeline. I ſee the impoſſibility " of her being mine—reaſon ſays forget " her: I wiſh alſo to forget her, and hope " ſoon to accompliſh that deſire in ano- " ther country, far from the thought of " offending you."

Thus both happily agreed in their wiſhes,

wiſhes, the evening was paſſed cheerfully, one joyous, the other affecting to appear ſo. And in a week's time, Alfred had every thing in readineſs, and departed, leaving Sir Charles happily, as he thought, without a rival.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

O love! how hard a fate is thine!
Obtained with trouble, and with pain preserved,
Never at rest.——

MR. FREEMORE had not the least intention of leaving England, being determined to find out where Emmeline lived, and know the truth of Sir Charles's information. He hastened to London, but thought it imprudent to call on Mrs. Oakeley, knowing the disposition of Charlotte.

He resolved to wait in her neighbourhood till he was sure she was alone; it occasioned a delay of three days, before he could

could obtain an opportunity. Accidentally, he heard Charlotte was going to a ball, and that Mrs. Oakeley, being unwell, intended ſtaying that evening at home.

Elated with this intelligence, he impatiently watched the ſlow paced tedious moments, till the hour arrived he had been taught to believe Charlotte would go out. He ſaw Mrs. Oakeley's carriage draw up, and Charlotte, elegantly habited, enter alone, and the carriage drove away.

Immediately he flew to Mrs. Oakeley, to inquire after Emmeline, but how aſtoniſhed was that lady when ſhe was acquainted with the cauſe of his viſit. For ſhe had never ſeen or heard of Emmeline, ſince his father took her away with him.

Alfred felt all the rage of diſappointment and grief. It is impoſſible to picture his diſtreſs,

diſtreſs, when he learnt Emmeline's marriage with the Earl was only a fiction.—"Oh! my adored love!" ſaid he, "where "art thou ſecluded?—where has my fa-"ther hid thee?—tell me, madam, is there "no clue to lead me to that angel?" "I "am unacquainted," ſaid Mrs. Oakeley, "with any; my brother took her ſuddenly "away, ſhe ſcarce bid me adieu; but let "me entreat you not to deſpair—let me "beg you to exert every effort; I am "materially concerned for that amiable "girl, and therefore wiſh you to diſcover "where ſhe is, before Sir Charles takes "her home: as I feel extremely uneaſy at "my brother's entertaining a partiality "for ſo young a girl at his age, more par-"ticularly the perſon he imagined his "ſon loved."—Alfred paſſed the evening with

with his aunt, and next morning ſet out on his ſcarch.

Succeſsleſs were all his efforts for near a fortnight, that he was ſeeking the different roads round about town. One morning, as he was riding through Groſvenor Square, he was met by a gentleman he had not ſeen ſince he quitted the Univerſity. He requeſted Alfred's company to go with him to Stanmore to dinner, at a particular friend's; Alfred conſented, and they purſued their intended road.

Alfred's remarkable dullneſs, excited his friend's curioſity, who inquired the cauſe;—Freemore, no way deſirous of concealing his intended ſearch, the ſubject ſoon became the topic of converſation.

The ladies frequently rode out for the air; that evening they and Mrs. Walcot took

took an airing to Edgeware, and on returning, Miſs Seymour wiſhed to walk on Stanmore Green, if it was agreeable to the reſt; Mrs. Walcot did not oppoſe it, for Miſs Seymour very ſeldom walked, and thought it would be more beneficial to her than the carriage;—they alighted.

After walking ſome time, Miſs Seymour perceived a woman with ſome very fine fruit, and loitered to purchaſe ſome. Mrs. Walcot, thinking ſhe had exceeded the time neceſſary, turned her head, and obſerved her in converſation with two gentlemen. Mrs. Walcot and Emmeline turned to meet her; Miſs Seymour ſeeing them, politely took leave of the gentlemen, and hurried to Mrs. Walcot. Joy animated her countenance, the appearance was unuſual; ſhe run to Emmeline, and

ſaid,

"Oh! my dear, I have heard from my "cousin; Lady Seymour is well, all are "well, thank heaven!"—

"I am happy to hear it," said Emmeline, "who told you?"—"pardon me, "dear Emmeline," said Miss Seymour, "for suffering my own concerns to oc- "cupy too much of my thoughts,—but "look, it is the very gentleman who used "to visit at my mother's with Mr. Man- "deville."

Emmeline cast a look towards the friends of Mr. Mandeville, and beheld Alfred Freemore leaning motionless with surprise on his friend.—A rosy blush glowed on her face, and she entreated Mrs. Walcot to return to the carriage.—Mrs. Walcot obeyed—for she saw the alteration of Emmeline's countenance, and wondered at

the

the ſudden change in the looks of her amiable charge.

In their way home, Emmeline preſſed Miſs Seymour's hand, and ſaid, "ah! Seli-"na, it was Alfred Freemore that ſpoke "to you."

They drove directly home, and Alfred, willing to purſue the vaniſhing phantom, remounted his horſe, and abruptly leaving the company he was with, followed the carriage, ſometimes paſſing the windows to convince himſelf it was really Emmeline, till he ſaw it enter the gates at Stanmore; when, upon inquiring in the neighbourhood, to his great ſatisfaction, found the ladies reſided there.

This happy diſcovery drowned every ſenſe of ſorrow in tides of joy, he viewed the houſe with tranſport, and forced himſelf back to his friends with regret.

He

He could not be prevailed on to quit Stanmore, where all his hopes reſided; willing to be as near Emmeline as poſſible, that he might the oftener have the pleaſure of ſeeing her.

Emmeline was extremely concerned about him, and anxiouſly wiſhed to ſee him and explain many particulars ſhe imagined he was ignorant of.

Mrs. Walcot and Miſs Seymour, paid a viſit to London next day, where they continued, to the unſpeakable mortification of Mr. Freemore, above a fortnight; during which time, Emmeline did not once leave home. Alfred ſuſpecting ſhe kept purpoſely out of ſight—he determined on a project which love alone could invent.

Miſs Seymour had juſt diſcharged her footman, with whom Mr. Freemore made

ſome

ſome acquaintance, to learn ſome intelligence of Emmeline. Finding they were not engaged, he offered his ſervice in that capacity, and was hired in Miſs Seymour's abſence by the perſon intruſted with the care of the houſe, who received an unexceptionable character with him, from (his friend) Sir Harry G——, at Stanmore.

In this new ſituation he remained ſome days before the ladies returned.

It was three days before he could obtain a ſight of Emmeline, as ſhe in general dined in her own apartment, but a ſelect company then being to dine with Mrs. Walcot, the young ladies were preſent.

Freemore waited on the company, as his miſtreſs was at table, but unluckily could not catch a glance from Emmeline, or be able to diſcover himſelf.—And as

ſoon as dinner was over, ſhe took leave of the company, and retired to her apartment.

Alfred was grieved, but he was not in a ſituation to indulge his melancholy, and heartily glad was he when the viſitors went away.

A few days had elapſed ſince he had the pleaſure of ſeeing her, when Miſs Seymour propoſed to Emmeline a ride to the cottage of ſome poor people at a little diſtance, and the new footman for the firſt time was to attend them.

Joyfully acceptable was this excurſion to Alfred, who impatiently counted the moments till the time arrived to ſet out, which was towards duſk.

When they ſtopped at the door of the cottage the inhabitants ran out to welcome them; Miſs Seymour alighted firſt, but

but accidentally Miſs Wilſon's foot ſlipped as ſhe ſtepped from the carriage. Alfred forgetting his ſituation, ſnatched his beloved Emmeline in his arms to ſave her from falling, and inſenſibly preſſed her to his boſom.

Emmeline was hurt at the inſolent familiarity—ſhe hurried into the cottage to Miſs Seymour, unable to conceal her anger, and complained of what a rude and impertinent man the new ſervant was.

Miſs Seymour was extremely vexed that a domeſtic of her's ſhould have the inſolence to behave ſo rudely to her friend, and reſolved to take the firſt opportunity of diſcharging him.—Their viſit was ſhort, for as ſoon as they had purchaſed a few ſtraw baſkets, which the people of the houſe were very ingenious in making, they

returned; carefully avoiding the impertinent ſervant.

Alfred perceived his freedom had given her offence, and was anxious to obtain a pardon, which could not be eaſily gained, for he obſerved ſhe ſtudiouſly ſhunned him.

Another week paſſed over without his being able to ſee her. Miſs Seymour conſtantly went out alone, and he was upon the point of making his beautiful miſtreſs a confidant of his ſituation, when an accident happened that gave him hopes.

One of the maid ſervants regarded the new ſervant with the eyes of partiality and as they were one evening walking in the garden, ſhe led him into another beautiful pleaſure garden, where the ſervants were ſeldom or never permitted to walk—

the

the key being left in the door induced them to enter.

They had proceeded but a little way, when the melodious voice of Miſs Wilſon ſaluted his ears. She was ſinging a pathetic air, accompanying it on the harpſichord which was placed in the alcove; ſtruck with ſo ſweet a voice he ſtopped to liſten, fully to convince himſelf it was Emmeline. —Then turning to the maid aſked who it was, and from what part of the garden it proceeded.

The maid replied,—" la! Charles, that " is Miſs Wilſon—She is kept here very " ſtrictly by an old gentleman who is her " guardian, but for what God knows!— " ſome ſay ſhe is in love with his ſon, and ' the old gentleman, to break their corre- ' ſpondence, keeps her here. She ſees no

"company poor ſoul, and is never to go "abroad, but ſometimes your miſtreſs "gives her an airing in her carriage, "ſecretly, to amuſe her. She comes "every evening to the alcove round that "walk, and there ſhe ſings and plays, and "that is all the pleaſure the poor lady re-"ceives."

The maid ceaſed; Alfred's boſom ſwelled with joyful ſurpriſe; he had hitherto been a ſtranger to Emmeline's real ſituation, and would have worſhipped the maid for her kind intelligence.—"Then this "young lady loves muſic very much I "ſuppoſe?" ſaid Alfred.

"Oh! vaſtly," ſhe replied, "ſo pray "bring your flute and play in the other "garden, I am ſure it will pleaſe her, do "Charles, ſhe is ſuch a ſweet kind young "lady,

" lady, that I would do any thing to divert " her."

She had ſaid enough; he flew to obey her, and returning ſoon, they ſeated themſelves in the common garden where Emmeline muſt paſs. There he played ſeveral fine airs which he had heard her ſing at his father's, among the reſt, one of her own compoſing to ſome words written on her friend Mrs. Wilſon.

Emmeline never having heard ſuch ſweet muſic during her reſidence there, left the alcove, and walked to the place from whence the ſound proceeded.—It was dark, and on her arrival they both roſe up to pay their reſpects as ſhe paſſed.

Emmeline ſaid, " do not let me diſturb " you, I did not know who it was that was " playing, but think you play extremely

" well young man." She then walked away—Mr. Freemore reſuming his ſeat, continued to play ſeveral of Emmeline's favourite ſongs, while ſhe, who had not quitted the garden, but walked about it at a diſtance, was greatly aſtoniſhed, and wondered where he could have learnt the air written on her dear departed friend.

Next morning Mr. Freemore got over the wall of the private garden, and going into the alcove, placed the picture he had of Emmeline, and a miniature of himſelf (which he had been fitting for, as a preſent to her) in the harpſichord.—In the evening, as was her cuſtom, ſhe went to her favorite retreat; the firſt object that met her eyes, on opening the harpſichord, was the portrait of Alfred;—amazed at the ſight, and wondering how it came there, ſhe ſtood as

if

if recollecting ſomething particular.—Alfred entered unperceived, and ſaw the ſurpriſe it had occaſioned, "what myſtery," ſaid ſhe, "has brought this portrait here? "it is like enchantment!"—turning round, ſhe beheld the ſervant.

Fearful of again offending her, he ſaid, bowing, "pardon me, madam, if I have "intruded here, but my miſtreſs would "be glad of your company, if convenient."

"Is ſhe ſo ſoon returned," replied Emmeline, "yes, madam.—At preſent ſhe has "ſome viſitors, but they will ſoon be "gone."

"I am not inclined to go in till they "are gone," ſaid Emmeline, ſurveying the face of the ſervant very earneſtly; ſhe thought ſhe was no ſtranger to it;—"and "tell your miſtreſs, if ſhe inquires for me,

" that I ſhall play another piece of muſic " before I return."

Alfred bowed, and was going to retire, but fearful of loſing this opportunity, ſaid, " Emmeline! have you forgot me?"

" Emmeline!" ſhe repeated, " Em- " meline!—Gracious heaven! is it poſſi- " ble?" ſtarting from her ſeat.—" Alfred " Freemore!"

He took the liberty of throwing himſelf at her feet the moment ſhe diſcovered him.

At that moment Miſs Seymour entered the alcove, and found her friend and ſervant; her eyes darted a look of anger and indignation.—Emmeline ran to her, and throwing her arms round her neck, exclaimed, " O my friend!" and ſunk into her arms.

Miſs Seymour believing her ſervant had

cauſed

cauſed this emotion, and recollecting the offence going to the cottage, bid him immediately quit her ſervice, for under that roof he ſhould not remain another day.—In vain he ſtrove to appeaſe her, till Emmeline recovering from the agitation her ſpirits were in, explained the whole, to the aſtoniſhment of Miſs Seymour, who ſoon recollected him to be Mr. Mandeville's friend.

Soon after, the ladies retired to their chamber; reſolving in idea what was beſt to be done.

Emmeline was angry to think he ſhould dare enter that houſe in a feigned character, and determined he ſhould quit it, on pain of her eternal diſpleaſure, if he refuſed to obey her. It was alſo neceſſary to form ſome excuſe to Mrs. Walcot, for

Miſs Seymour's haſte in diſcharging the new ſervant.—Full of theſe ideas ſhe aroſe in the morning deſigning to ſee Alfred, and give her commands, as alſo to aſſure him, ſhe ſtill conſidered him dear to her heart, and for him to let her know where he meant to reſide.

Juſt as ſhe was leaving her chamber, a letter arrived from Sir Charles Freemore, brought by two of his livery ſervants, and a poſt chaiſe and four, informing her he was dangerouſly ill, and requeſted her immediate attendance at Auburn Hall; it alſo mentioned his having ſent the carriage and ſervants to fetch her away.

As the letter required inſtant obedience ſhe bade them wait, while ſhe ſtepped to bid a ſlight adieu to Miſs Seymour, and to collect a few clothes neceſſary for her to appear

pear in at the Hall.—She promiſed to write to Miſs Seymour as ſoon as ſhe arrived there, and not finding Mr. Freemore, ſhe left the letter with her friend to deliver to him, as the cauſe of her abſence.

Emmeline tripped nimbly into the poſt chaiſe, leaving once more all ſhe held dear to her behind.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

——As with one
Who wand'ring o'er ſome wide and barren waſte,
Views the laſt circles of the ſetting ſun;
Then gazing round quite deſtitute of hope,
Forſaken and forlorn, ſits ſighing down—
To mix with night and entertain deſpair.—

EMMELINE proceeded on her journey without any other emotion than her ſorrow for leaving Alfred and Miſs Seymour behind.—She thought of them all the day—Evening approached,—ſhe ſaw the ſun ſet in clouded majeſty behind the weſtern hills, and recollecting that Auburn Hall could not poſſibly be ſuch a vaſt diſtance from town, and willing to be informed,

informed, demanded of the poſtillion, "If "he had not miſtaken the road?"

"I fear I have miſs;" he replied, "but "fear not, the next houſe we come to, I "will ſtop at, and inquire."

This terrified her; night's ſable veſtments was ſpreading over all the country. The moon, obſcured by heavy clouds, refuſed to ſhew her friendly light; not a ſtar appeared in the firmament to cheer her ſolitary journey, and it was quite dark when they ſtopped at the door of a cottage, a great way diſtant from any other habitation.

It was, as ſhe alighted, that her heart felt the moſt painful agitations; it fluttered with diſtruſt of the reaſon of their bringing her ſo far out of the way, and a heavy ſigh burſt from her oppreſſed boſom, as if conſcious of approaching danger.

She

She was received very civilly by an elderly woman, whose good nature and simplicity seemed a consolation to Emmeline, and made some amends for the stupidity of the servants bringing her that lonesome way. In about an hour, one of the servants entered, and said:—

"I am very sorry, madam, but as it has "so happened, we must make the best of "it, and you must e'en stay here all night, "for it is very dark, and begins to rain "fast, and I am afraid if I go on, we may "get entangled in the wood, through "which we are obliged to pass."

"You see, madam, my necessity," said Emmeline, "I hardly dare ask for a recep-"tion here till day break, lest I should "incommode you; but if you can oblige "me, I shall remember your kindness "with gratitude as long as I live."

"My

" My houſe," replied the woman, " is " at your ſervice while you chooſe to re- " main here, ſo pray make yourſelf per- " fectly eaſy, ſit down, and eat a bit of " ſupper. Perhaps you may think me ex- " travagant, I have a nice fowl roaſting, " which was made me a preſent of—for " this is not times for ſuch a poor being as " me to eat fowls."

Emmeline thanked her, and accepted the invitation. During ſupper, the woman dropped ſeveral inadvertent ſentences, which made Emmeline imagine her being brought there was not by mere accident, and feared Sir Charles was at the bottom of the deſign.

The entrance of the good man of the houſe put her out of all doubts, who accoſted her as if ſhe had been an old acquaintance.

" Well,

"Well, madam," ſaid he, "I ſee you "are here ſafe at laſt; we expected you "long ago, but ſuppoſe you could not get "ready ſooner."

To which ſtrange addreſs ſhe replied, "Honeſt friend, I believe you have miſ- "taken your gueſt; by the negligence of "Sir Charles Freemore's ſervants they "have brought me out of the way, and I "am forced to intrude on your wife's "goodneſs till morning."

"Ah!" replied the man, "it is a pity "you ſhould be ſo miſguided."

"And pray friend, if you ſuſpect ſo, "will you be ſo obliging to tell me, how "far I am from Oxford?"

"Oxford!" exclaimed the man, "good "lack! madam, why, you are not near "Oxford of ninety miles or more."

"Oh

"Oh heaven!" ſhe exclaimed, "this "muſt be ſome very myſterious affair.— "I will order the carriage this inſtant, I "will travel all night; Sir Charles's health "will not allow me to wait the tardy hour "of morning."

"If you are ſo determined, madam," he replied, "I will go and give the orders "to the ſervants;" he then left the room.

His wife, who felt a tender pity for her viſitor, then ſaid, "I am extremely ſorry "young lady, that you have been ſo miſ- "taken in coming here, you ſpeak of Sir "Charles Freemore, and Oxford.—Dear "madam, the gentleman who ordered "the carriage to bring you here is Lord "Harkland, our landlord; and we have "expected you a long time.—I informed "his Lordſhip, how unwilling I was to re-

"ceive

"ceive any perſon whoſe intentions I did "not know; but he aſſured me, you had "fixed your mind on eloping from your "friends the firſt opportunity;—this ſi- "lenced my ſcruples.—Another induce- "ment was, we lay under many obliga- "tions to him, as we are behind hand "in our rent, as times are ſo bad, and his "Lordſhip threatened to ſeize if we re- "fuſed, and take away our little farm, "which would have been the entire ruin "of us, as it is all our dependence; and "ſome great man from London has been "hereabouts, and wants to buy them all."

Emmeline's heart was ready to burſt with indignation and reſentment; ſhe paid little regard to what the woman had been ſaying, it was enough for her to know ſhe had fallen into Lord Harkland's ſnares.—

"Baſe

"Baſe villain!" ſhe exclaimed, "what "have I ever ſaid or done to merit this "unworthy treatment? does he thus re- "ward the kind entertainment he received "at Sir Charles Freemore's?"

His Lordſhip now entered the room, attended by his accomplices in livery, which proved to be the ſervants of Sir George Anfield, who was his friend; at ſight of him, Emmeline ſcreamed and fainted.

Lord Harkland thought it a fit opportunity to move her, he lifted her in his arms, and placed her in the carriage, which, being in readineſs, drove away inſtantly; when ſhe recovered, ſhe found herſelf alone with Lord Harkland.

He then expoſtulated with her on her ſimplicity in alarming thoſe ignorant peo-

ple,

ple, and filling their heads with ſtrange ideas, when ſhe voluntarily came herſelf, and expreſſed how much he was obliged to her.

"Baſe and unworthy man!" exclaimed Emmeline, "explain your meaning, I ſay, "I am betrayed."

Lord Harkland talked a good while, and held many arguments, which greatly diſtreſſed Emmeline, as ſhe could not underſtand their meaning; but by what he ſaid, ſhe plainly perceived ſomebody had been very active in this myſterious affair, and he, as well as herſelf, had been led into an error. As ſhe could not prevail on his Lordſhip to return with her to London, ſhe forbore to give him any reply afterwards, but ſat ſilent as death.

Day break brought them to an inn, where

where they alighted. Emmeline's eyes were firſt directed to find the miſtreſs, in hopes to explain her ſituation, and endeavour to be releaſed from the unwelcome preſence of his Lordſhip; but it was too early, there only appeared one waiter, whom ſhe did not care to ſpeak to.

Lord Harkland was angry at her ſilence; ſhe had not anſwered him for ſome miles; ſhe refuſed to anſwer him now. He endeavoured to ſalute her, the offence rouſed her indignation, ſhe turned diſdainfully from him, ſaying, "Lord Harkland, I "charge you keep your diſtance—though "I have been baſely given into you hands, "you ſhall find I have reſolution—and I "will not be inſulted."

Emmeline pronounced this with a dignity that ſtruck Lord Harkland with awe and

and admiration, and he withdrew to another part of the room, in extreme confuſion.

It was in vain that he perſuaded her to retire, and take ſome reſt, as he really feared her health would ſuffer by the fatigue ſhe had undergone of ſo long a journey, without taſting the refreſhment of ſleep,—ſwearing, that if it was her wiſh, he would not quit that room till ſhe returned.—Emmeline refuſed: and breakfaſt was immediately ordered.

Lord Harkland was greatly concerned and diſappointed to ſee her drink but one cup of coffee, and that with much indifference. Grief had taken away her appetite, ſhe could not eat. This gave his Lordſhip inexpreſſible diſtreſs, he had loved her a long time, he had wiſhed to obtain

obtain her for his miſtreſs; but would now have been trebly happy, if ſhe would conſent to be his wife; theſe were his ſecret ſentiments towards her,—he had been taught to cheriſh his hopes, and believe he was equally beloved.

Seeing her ſo very unhappy, Lord Harkland ſaid, "Flattered by your kind promiſes, my dear Emmeline, how is it poſſible, but for me to wonder at your preſent behaviour, and to feel alarmed at your apparent uneaſineſs?"

"My promiſes!" ſhe exclaimed, "how mine?"

"Ah! madam," replied he, "drive me not to madneſs, by affecting to appear ignorant—why did you ſoothe my hopes—why did you trouble yourſelf to write at all, if you did not mean to fulfil

" fil your promiſe? and by your own ap-
" pointment conſent to leave Stanmore
" by the fabrication of Sir Charles Free-
" more's illneſs, and be mine for ever?"

" Good heaven!" ſhe cried, " my own
" conſent!—I fabricate Sir Charles's ill-
" neſs!—ſure, my Lord, you muſt have
" miſtaken the perſon!—Be witneſs for me
" heaven! I never ſoothed your hopes,
" or wrote one word to you in all my life!
" there is ſome treachery in this myſterious
" affair: and if you are not entirely made
" up of falſehood, and do not mean what
" you have juſt pronounced, to be quite
" treating me with deriſion, you will
" oblige me by letting me ſee the letters
" you ſay I have ſent you.

" When we come to our journey's
" end," replied Lord Harkland. He then

ordered

ordered a chaiſe, to continue the remainder of their journey.

Emmeline quitted her ſeat, and walked about diſconſolate, and greatly agitated. Seeing the carriage preparing, ſhe turned to Lord Harkland, and begged he would allow her to return to her friends.

Lord Harkland replied, "My charming Emmeline, you aſk impoſſibilities, I cannot ſuffer you to return; no, you muſt be contented in your preſent ſituation, for I can never part with you."

"Then I am miſerable," ſhe replied; "the heart can never be won by compulſion, that was not before given freely; and why ſhould you arrogate to yourſelf the cruel power of detaining me, when you know how wretched my ſituation muſt make me;—but if your heart is

"hardened, if it is inſenſible of the injuſ-
"tice you have done, all I can ſay is
"in vain."

"I am not inclined to think of it at
"preſent," ſaid he, "the carriage is ready,
"and there will be time enough another
"day to talk this matter over." Then taking her arm, led her to the carriage, attended on each ſide by a ſervant, ſo that Emmeline ſaw no hope of eſcaping. Lord Harkland placed himſelf by her ſide, and they inſtantly drove away.

In about an hour they ſtopped before the gate of a venerable caſtle, near the ſea ſhore; ſhe at that moment caſt her eyes around, with the hopes of aſcertaining what part of the country ſhe was in; ſhe was at a loſs to imagine, but perceived a town and ſhipping at a diſtance. Her dreadful

dreadful ſituation drew tears from her eyes, and raiſing her hands to heaven, ſecretly implored protection.

Lord Harkland preſented her his hand to alight; with the moſt afflicting indifference ſhe gave her's, ſubmitting her hapleſs ſtate and cauſe to Providence, who ſhe truſted would give her aſſiſtance.

She was led into an elegant apartment, where refreſhments of every kind had been previouſly prepared, but unable to partake of any of thoſe dainties that were provided for her.

His Lordſhip treated her with great reſpect; he obſerved the diſtreſs ſhe endured, and fancied by her behaviour, that all was not as he had been taught to believe; but Emmeline was too dear to him, to conſider of any thing but her being there juſt or unjuſt.

Dinner time arrived; the neceſſity of preſerving exiſtence induced her to eat. When night advanced a female ſervant conducted her to the apartment deſigned for her.

Having ſecured the door, ſhe threw herſelf on the bed, overcome by the moſt tormenting grief, and gave way to that diſtreſs of heart her ſituation inſpired. She wiſhed to take a ſurvey of her apartment, but darkneſs prevented it, and ſhe deferred it till morning.

Sleep did not cloſe the eyelids of Emmeline for any duration, and with the dawn of day ſhe aroſe.

She found the chamber to have been formerly a very elegant one, the furniture was rich, but in a bad ſituation from neglect; for the preſent owner never viſited

there

there for any length of time, ſo that the whole preſented a ſtate of decay.

An old cabinet ſtood in the room, which curioſity did not tempt her to examine, though the door ſtood open; for melancholy reflections of her ſituation made her too ſad, to hope for any thing that might amuſe her,—ſhe gave up the ſearch, remembering, ſhe had no buſineſs to inſpect into the concerns of the owner of the place.

A ſervant knocked at her door, and requeſted ſhe would walk down ſtairs to breakfaſt.

Her taſting but little the day before, made her glad to partake of ſome refreſhment, ſhe deemed it proper to obey Lord Harkland's invitation, for as ſhe was now in his power, ſhe feared to enrage him by

a refusal, and considering that all places were alike dangerous in that detested castle, she tremblingly descended the stairs. Lord Harkland met her on the first story, and conducted her to the breakfast parlour.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

The friendſhips of the world are oft
Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleaſure.

HIS Lordſhip apparently felt great ſatisfaction by her conſenting to give her company to breakfaſt. He repeatedly intreated forgiveneſs for bringing her there, which nothing but the ardour of his paſſion could have induced him to think of.

Emmeline returned him a ſuitable reply to every thing he ſaid or propoſed.—But recollecting that he promiſed her the letters he ſaid he had received, when he came to his journey's end, ſhe reminded him of it.

His Lordſhip taking them from a caſe, preſented them, ſaying, " there are copies " of mine, except the firſt, and your " flattering anſwers; I need not ſay how " much I am diſappointed in your not " fulfilling the contents."

As ſoon as breakfaſt was ended, Emmeline retired to her apartment, anxious to learn the fatal cauſe of her preſent diſtreſs. In the firſt letter, which ſhe trembled to open, ſhe obſerved it ſeemed to reply to one received—ſhe began with that,—the contents were:—

" My Lord,

" I muſt own the purport of your letter " has alarmed me exceedingly. In what, " my Lord, could you ground ſo daring " an expectation? my conduct I am cer-

" tain

" tain could never give you any hope of
" the kind; you alſo know the affection
" Sir Charles Freemore entertains for me.
" I think you do Sir Charles and myſelf
" the greateſt injuſtice.—I beg, my Lord,
" you will let this remain a ſecret,—I
" would not have him know of this corre-
" ſpondence for the world, and I intreat
" you will write no more to

EMMELINE WILSON."

Emmeline could not help admiring the artful inſinuations of the writer with regard to the ſecret of correſpondence, and Sir Charles to be kept in ignorance. The hand-writing alſo ſo much reſembled her own, that the ſight ſtruck her heart with the moſt afflicting ſenſations.

The ſecond letter was from Lord Harkland to her:—

" Deareſt Emmeline,

" I received your's, and cannot expreſs " my ſorrow equal to my feelings at your " refuſal,—which, if you knew the ardour " of my love, I am convinced you would " no longer hesitate.—I now have altered " my mind, as your goodneſs has paſſed " over the moſt offenſive part of my letter " with a gentleneſs I did not expect.

" From my former propoſal I retract, " and am aſhamed of the inſult I offered " to one I ſo truly eſteemed, and ſhould " think myſelf happy if you will accept " of me in an honourable way—write to " me on the receipt of this, and let me " know my fate; but conſider well, moſt " charming Emmeline, before you pro- " nounce it.

" I am, deareſt Emmeline,

" Your's eternally,

" HARKLAND."

The

The third letter was,

" My Lord,

" I frankly own the eſteem I have for " you, and have entertained ſuch ever " ſince you firſt viſited Auburn Hall.— " Can you imagine that there exiſts any " regard in my breaſt for Sir Charles Free- " more?—none—my gratitude I muſt for " ever acknowledge, as he is the only one " I have to look to for friendſhip and " protection. Your Lordſhip's goodneſs " in wiſhing to raiſe one ſo much your in- " ferior as I am, excites my warmeſt " thanks—but be aſſured I never ſhall " comply with your former propoſals.— " The honor of being your wife I ſhall " feel a pride in, and experience in that " thought the moſt grateful ſenſations.

" I have the honour to be,

" Your Lordſhip's

" EMMELINE WILSON."

" This

"This is fine mockery," ſaid Emmeline, ſighing, "was there ever a being "ſo wretchedly impoſed on as I have "been?—let me examine the next."

"Enchanting Emmeline!

"How generous! how kind!—I mean "to have every thing ready for your re-"ception at Morſe Caſtle, thinking it "moſt proper to go there firſt, leſt Sir "Charles might purſue me to my own "country ſeat, and by that means deprive "me of the happineſs I have ſo long "wiſhed for.—It is for you to form a "ſcheme for getting from where you "are, and by the kind agent in our con-"cerns, that delivers this to you, you "will for ever oblige me by returning "your thoughts on the buſineſs; though "I am ſorry to find you ſtill conceal where

"you

" you are, but in your anſwer hope to
" know.

" Your's, eternally,

" HARKLAND."

She then read the next, which gave her additional ſurpriſe at the deep planned ſcheme,—it was this :—

" My Lord,

" For many reaſons I have concealed
" the place of my reſidence; a continua-
" tion is no longer neceſſary.—At Mrs.
" Walcot's, at Stanmore, you will find me,
" and if your Lordſhip will be adviſed by
" me, when every thing is ready, I think
" if you ſend a proper carriage with ſer-
" vants, and I doubt not, but that you can
" eaſily procure liveries like Sir Charles's.
" Let them bring a letter mentioning Sir

" Charles's

" Charles's ill health, and his wiſh for me
" to come immediately to Auburn Hall,
" Mrs. Walcot will then permit me with-
" out further inquiry.—I will not fix the
" day, it is for you to determine, and
" when it ſuits you it will me.

" Your's,

" EMMELINE WILSON."

She then opened the laſt letter, it was,

" Dear Emmeline,

" I am charmed with the propoſal!—
" I ſet off immediately to prepare every
" thing for your reception,—ſhall be de-
" tained in the country a ſhort time on
" particular buſineſs, which I cannot well
" put off, I am extremely ſorry at the
" delay, but be you in readineſs; for the
" firſt opportunity depend on ſeeing,

" Your faithful admirer,

" HARKLAND."

" P. S.

" P S. I ſhall ſend a chaiſe and four " with Sir Charles's livery; I muſt not " attend, but will meet you ſome miles " diſtant, at a ſmall farm houſe; the man " is a tenant of mine, and there ſtop till " you ſee me."

This letter concluded a myſterious piece of treachery ſhe was glad to know, and in ſome meaſure cleared her mind from part of her reſentment towards Lord Harkland, as he apparently acted by her own compliance.—I will not pretend to deſcribe the feelings of Emmeline, and her anger againſt the author of ſo vile a plot;—ſhe hoped to find by his Lordſhip, who it was that had ſo cruelly and malicioufly trepanned her.

With this intent ſhe returned to the parlour as dinner was near at hand, taking the

the letters with her, and preſenting them to Lord Harkland, ſaid, "My Lord, will "you do me the juſtice to believe my "veracity, in this unfortunate particular. "—I moſt ſolemnly aſſert that I know "nothing of theſe—I poſitively declare "I never either received or ſent any let- "ter to you in all my life, and it would "give me ſome ſatisfaction, though of "little uſe, to know the wicked agent of "this diabolical deceit."

"Emmeline," he replied, "what you "ſo ſolemnly declare aſtoniſhes me. I "cannot but believe you, as your beha- "viour in no way correſponds with the "contents of theſe letters that have been "the means of ſo cruelly deceiving us— "If it is falſe, which I really begin to "ſuſpect, I ſhall for ever deteſt the con-

"triver

" triver of them, and expoſe to your re-
" ſentment your friend, Miſs Oakeley."

" Miſs Oakeley!" exclaimed Emmeline, frantiely,—" Miſs Oakeley!—juſt heaven! " is it poſſible ſhe could be guilty of im-
" poſing, and afflicting me thus?"——
" Liſten," ſaid his Lordſhip, " and I will
" relate all the particulars from the be-
" ginning.

" Miſs Oakeley had refuſed my addreſ-
" ſes, but I ſtill was a ſuppoſed admirer,
" as her diſpoſition you know is extremely
" gay; and when we viſited Auburn
" Hall, my heart was no longer mine, nor
" Miſs Oakeley's,—it beat for Emmeline
" Wilſon alone.

" I informed Miſs Oakeley; ſhe ridi-
" culed what ſhe called my mean attach-
" ment, telling me that you was indebted

" to

" to her uncle for your very exiſtence;
" that what trifle you poſſeſſed was the
" charitable donation of a benevolent
" lady, and t' at her uncle, by a miſplaced
" infatuation, kept you out of mere cha-
" rity alſo, as being a poor orphan, and
" a foundling, declaring her ſurpriſe at
" my regard for you, as I had paid my
" addreſſes to many ladies of family and
" fortune, and ſneeringly added, if you,
" my Lord, only deſign her for a miſtreſs,
" it might be well enough; but if you
" ſeriouſly think of marrying, it excites
" my contempt, to think that you conſi-
" der this poor, mopiſh, innocent country
" being, ought to be placed on a level
" with ladies of rank and fortune—now,
" only imagine, what lady of faſhion
" would viſit Lady Harkland, when they
" knew ſhe was a friendleſs orphan?"

" I

"I muſt own my pride was hurt, for "my fortune was great, and I was diſ- "pleaſed at the thought, that if I mar- "ried you, your being unfortunately an "orphan, with ſmall expectation, would "eſtrange the faſhionable world from me, "whoſe connexions I held in the higheſt "eſtimation.

"I determined on her advice, that of "obtaining you for a miſtreſs if poſſible. "I quitted Auburn Hall, purpoſely to "put my intentions in execution; for "which reaſon I applied to Sir George "Anfield, the owner of this Caſtle, though "formerly it was my father's, to allow "me to bring you here, whenever an op- "portunity ſuited.—He gladly conſented, "and I was framing a proper plan to ob- "tain you, when you accidentally came "to London with Mrs. Oakeley.

"By

"By the advice of Miſs Oakeley, I de-
"ferred it ſome time, though I frequently
"conſulted with her on the ſubject, and
"when you left her houſe, ſhe joyfully
"ſaid to me, 'Now, now Harkland, is
"your time,—Miſs Wilſon confeſſes a
"violent affection for you, and declares
"ſhe leaves town with regret on your ac-
"count.—I know where ſhe is, and if
"you will write a letter to her, I will
"find means to convey it to her, and
"prevail on her to give you an anſwer."

"I allow I was amazingly delighted,
"and therefore wrote, as ſhe had de-
"ſired, propoſing ſeveral things to you,
"which at that time engroſſed my
"thoughts. Miſs Oakeley procured a
"reply, but after I ſent that letter, I was
"angry with myſelf;—reflection chaſed

"thoſe

" thoſe thoughts from my mind; I fan-
" cied I could be extremely happy with
" Emmeline for my wife,—my fortune was
" ſufficient, without courting the fickle
" goddeſs, and why ſhould I regard what
" the world ſaid, if they laughed at my
" prefering domeſtic happineſs with the
" perſon I adored. It is a ſtate, (ſaid I,
" mentally) ſuperior to all others; Em-
" meline in perſon and manners can
" rarely be equalled.—I have been very
" gay; Emmeline is the only perſon that
" ever fixed my heart; love, with me, has
" always been a ſhort-lived blaze; it is
" ſhe alone can keep that flame alive,
" and if I am laughed at by my libertine
" acquaintances for marrying for love,
" I then ſhall have the conſolation of re-
" turning home to find happineſs there.

" Miſs

"Miſs Oakeley joyfully conveyed my "letters, and as joyfully returned your's, "I was ſupremely happy.—You know "the event, and muſt judge of my diſ- "appointment—I begin to ſuſpect we "have both been the dupe of Miſs Oake- "ley's artifice."

Emmeline could not refrain tears, as his Lordſhip concluded the treacherous contrivances of her once valued friend; ſhe plainly ſaw it was all the effect of her malice and jealouſy.

"Ah! my Lord," ſaid Emmeline, "ſince "you ſee we are impoſed on, and muſt "equally feel the aukwardneſs of ſuch a "ſituation, I beſeech you will permit me "to return to Stanmore."

"No, my dear Emmeline, returned he, "I cannot conſent to that, you muſt now "ſtay

" ſtay and endeavour to feel content;—I
" ſolemnly declare I cannot exiſt without
" you; in your preſence conſiſts all the
" happineſs I now enjoy; without you,
" life would appear a wide and dreary
" waſte—time may do wonders,—ſtill I
" hope you will honour me with your
" hand; but as we are thus ſituated, I
" cannot expect it ſo immediately as my
" heart could wiſh.—The moſt gentle and
" generous treatment you ſhall meet with
" from me, and I will not urge you for
" your compliance till perfectly agree-
" able to yourſelf; but if you will ſome-
" times favour me with your company,
" conſidering it would make me happy,
" I ſhall be greatly obliged to you. Every
" thing here is at your command, want
" for nothing it is in my power to pro-

"cure, but you must remain here, and "you shall find such affectionate beha-"viour from me, as a brother owes to "a beloved sister."

Emmeline acknowledged her thanks, but at the same time expressed very strongly her disapprobation in being detained at Morse Castle; she begged him to consider what the world might say on the subject; and though his Lordship and herself knew the secrets of their hearts, and the rectitude of their conduct, her continuing there might not appear so innocent in other people's eyes; "we have a convincing "proof," said she, "how easy all things "are to the malicious; envy and slander "are always in want to taint the fairest "reputation; the times are depraved in-"deed; I am sorry that I cannot avoid "observing

" obſerving it; it grieves me to think
" what little regard is paid to the honor or
" peace of mind of thoſe in middling
" ſtations of life, by perſons of rank and
" fortune. Miſs Oakeley I underſtand
" ſpeaks with indifference, nay with ap-
" probation, on the apparent proſpect
" of my diſhonor, becauſe I was not a
" lady of faſhion;—is a lady of faſhion
" the only thing to be regarded? tell
" me, my Lord, is there any lady whoſe
" virtue is dearer to her than mine is to
" me? for what reaſon am I to be deprived
" of that which is my greateſt felicity?—
" becauſe I am a friendleſs orphan—that
" misfortune ought to create me friends
" inſtead of enemies, but, alas! the weak
" are doomed to be oppreſſed by the
" ſtrong.—I would much rather be honeſt

" and poor, than the richeſt lady in the " univerſe with an impure mind and an " unfeeling heart;—and Emmeline, who " received the kind and virtuous inſtruc- " tions of the excellent, the deſerving " Mrs. Wilſon, will never diſgrace " her precepts. When your Lordſhip " conſiders the amazing encreaſe of trials " and divorces that have of late occurred, " you will find that virtue is not confined " to people of rank and faſhion only, it is " to be found in no particular ſtation, for " they that ought to ſet the brighteſt ex- " ample often leads the worſt."

" Were the favours of fortune beſtow- " ed only on thoſe amiable few, who feel " the ſupreme delight of acting with be- " nevolence, whoſe heart feels for the " neceſſities of others, whoſe hand is

" ready

" ready to relieve the diſtreſſed, to chaſe
" the tear from the eye of affliction, to
" comfort and ſhelter the wanderer, and
" bid their ſorrows ceaſe; then might we
" rejoice and hail the return of happy
" days; but where one of that deſcription is
" found, there are a hundred who act the
" reverſe; for riches are of no further uſe
" to them than to ſupport their pleaſures,
" to add troubles to the afflicted, to de-
" ſpiſe the name of virtue, and to ruin
" the object that unfortunately draws their
" affection, imagining, that " power gives
" a ſanction, and makes all things juſt."

" Upon my word, Emmeline," replied his Lordſhip, " you have given me a very
" pretty lecture; and, in fact, you have
" nearly hit it; if you imagine every man
" of fortune has acted like me; for I will

" freely confeſs to you, whatever I ſet my
" choice on, I always would obtain;—
" what it coſt, I very little regarded."

" I have a convincing proof of it my
" Lord."

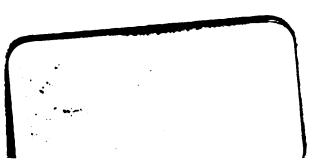
" But I am inclined to think, Emmeline,
" you could entirely alter my principles;
" your moralizing remarks would pro-
" duce a reformation in my conduct. I
" have been a great libertine, I acknow-
" ledge it; I have had opportunities of
" making many obſervations in the nume-
" rous companies I have been engaged in,
" and for the reaſon you have lately men-
" tioned have declined marrying, appre-
" henſive, that the like misfortune might
" happen to me.—I had determined be-
" fore I became acquainted with you to
" lead a life of celibacy; could I hope you

" will

" will be mine 'I think I ſhould be diſ-
" appointed."

Emmeline perſiſted in the refuſal, and ſaid her heart was otherwiſe engaged, and as ſhe did not mean to decieve him, thought it was neceſſary he ſhould know it.

She ſoon after retired to her chamber.

END OF THE FIRST VOL.

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